Vol. CXXXI. No. 1703.

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THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 5, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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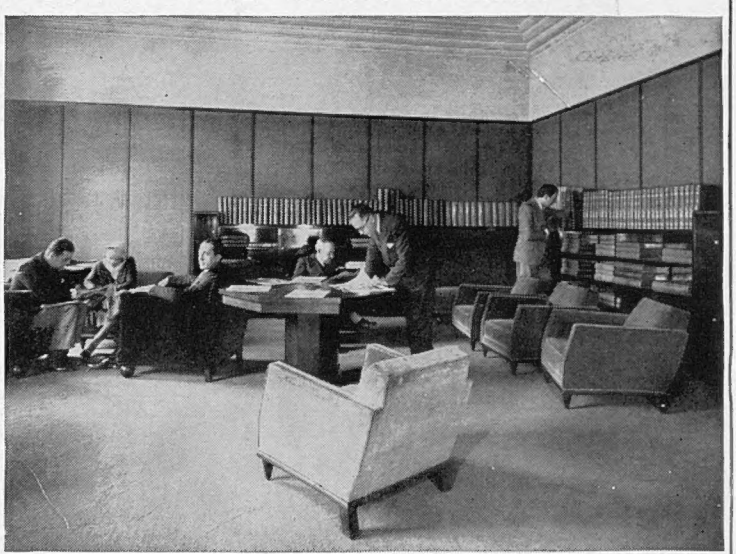

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The Bystander, August 5, 1936

No. 1703. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Otto Dyar

Constance Cummings — Chelsea Settler

Mrs. Benn Levy and her playwright husband have been having a house built for them in Chelsea, and there this lovely blonde, blue-eyed American intends to learn gardening and English cooking at first hand. At the moment she 's making another film for Gaumont-British, *The Northing Tramp*, with Hugh Sinclair as co-star. Her last one, *Seven Sinners*, a new version of that undying thriller, *The Wrecker*, is at the New Gallery this week, with Edmund Lowe from Hollywood as hero, Thomy Bourdelle, the French actor, and Henry Oscar as villains, and Albert de Courville as director. Constance Cummings' first trip to England was in 1933, when she made two films *(Channel Crossing*, with Matheson Lang, was one), and married Benn Levy. Five Hollywood films and a seven-months' success on Broadway—with Nicholas Hannen in *Accent on Youth*—filled the time between now and then. As she really likes the stage better than the screen, we 're sure to see her in a play in London before long. Someone ought to have a good part for a girl with her looks and her grand sense of comedy

Wedding of the Week

Lord Herbert and Lady Mary Hope

Lord Herbert and Lady Mary Hope's near-Royal wedding was at Westminster Abbey last Monday week. He is the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's eldest son and Equerry to the Duke of Kent, who was his best man. Lady Mary Hope is the Marquess of Linlithgow's only sister and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent. The Dean of Westminster married them in the Henry VII. Chapel, and their wedding reception was at Dudley House. Lady Mary Hope wore ivory satin, and had her retinue of children in white with dark red velvet sashes. The Duchess of Kent wore Parma violet, and arrived at the Abbey with the Duchess of Gloucester, who was in dove grey chiffon

The Duchess of Kent

The Duchess of Gloucester

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

All loyal citizens of the Crown have greeted the cancellation of the King's Riviera holiday with two mingled feelings. One is relief that his Majesty is not going to expose himself to possible repercussions of the Spanish Civil War; the other is regret that he should lose his hard-earned holiday. The French police, with their hands full of strikers, refugees from Spain, and political unrest in France, must be mopping their brows in thankfulness that, after all, they will not be responsible for the Royal safety.

On the other hand, there is a good deal of puzzlement over the cancellation of the Prime Minister's holiday at Aix-les-Bains. Naturally, the first reaction to the news was that a new and really desperate crisis was blowing up, in distinction to the new and just ordinary crises which have blown up about three times a week for years and years. Then came a suggestion that the imminence of the Locarno meeting (which may or may not take place) and of the League's Assembly had made the P.M. change his plans. But when has Mr. Baldwin ever taken an active hand in foreign affairs? I can remember the Corfu crisis in 1923 at Geneva when Mr. Baldwin did not even bother to come across the few miles from Aix to Geneva, and in recent months he has displayed only a most perfunctory interest in the details of the European situation. Probably the real truth is that Mr. Baldwin thinks, and thinks rightly, that rural England is a better place for a holiday just at this moment than anywhere in Europe.

Spain, of course, continues to hold the centre of the limelight, and France is naturally getting more and more concerned at her own delicate position. For the root of the Spanish revolt is in the Moroccan Army, and if Spain is proved to be incapable of maintaining law and order in her part of northern Africa, other candidates for the job might present themselves. Neither Germany nor Italy would object to a nice slice of Morocco, and France is not keen on either of them as neighbours in Africa than in Europe.

French official temptation to encourage, if not actually to help, the Spanish Government, must be very strong, for both Governments are Left Wing. But the temptation is being heroically resisted, and even the legitimate sale of arms has been forbidden.

Meanwhile, yesterday was the twenty-second anniversary of the outbreak of the war to end war.

If it is true that the rebels still hold Saragossa, we may see another famous siege of that famous town. It was in 1809 that the civil population fought with desperate courage from house to house, and from room to room, against the French Army of Marshal Lannes, and only surrendered after three terrible months.

Fashion Setter — Norwegian Version

In Norway this is what a firm of men's outfitters think of the Foreign Secretary: the "Eden Kombinasion" shows he's popular there, but it must strike Mr. Eden himself as a rather flamboyant tribute. In Paris tailors talk of "l'Eden silhouette," and America votes him one of our four best-dressed men—with the King, the Duke of Kent, and Lord Westmorland

Mr. Eden's survey of foreign affairs was pretty non-committal on such things as the future of the League and the situation in Danzig and the arms traffic to Spain. He had, however, the success of the Dardanelles Conference to report, and a successful international conference is a bit of a rarity in these days. But that was considerably off-set by the continuance of the Mediterranean climb-down. When Sanctions were taken off, it was made clear that we would neither reduce our naval forces in the Mediterranean nor give up our guarantee arrangements with Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Greece. Within a very few weeks we have meekly done both. Now comes a rumour that we are going to take the first step towards the recognition of Italy's conquest of Abyssinia by abolishing our Legation in Addis Ababa and substituting a Consulate. That would be yet another link in our long chain of humiliation.

The Independent Labour Party has not earned any laurels for its behaviour in the thirty-three-hour debate on the Unemployment Regulations. The Labour Party itself was conducting a stout, orderly, and on the whole, good-tempered resistance to the Regulations when the Maxtonians suddenly decided that a little limelight would not do them any harm. I think they were wrong. It has done them a lot of harm. I cannot help wishing that suspension from the House automatically carried with it suspension of salary. Why should we have to pay these gentlemen during their self-enforced leisure?

The Blue Riband (mysterious spelling of an ordinary English word) of the Atlantic is a very peculiar business. Apparently it is not awarded to the ship which makes the fastest time between port and port, but between an arbitrarily-chosen spot in the Atlantic and a light-house off the coast of America. As passengers—for whom, presumably, the

liners run—are more liable to embark and disembark at ports rather than at spots in the Atlantic or even at lighthouses, I should have thought that the port-to-port record was the more valuable of the two. But, as on many other subjects, it seems that I am wrong. By the way, it must be rather galling to Mr. Hales (Arnold Bennett's "Card") that the speed record should still be universally known as the Blue Riband and not as the Hales Cup after the trophy which he presented. Davis, Walker, Ryder, Wightman, and Curtiss have all had better luck with their cups.

THE financial side of bad weather is looming darker and darker, and we will hear a lot more about it before we have finished with 1936. July's dreadful sunlessness and rains has ruined many and many a crop, and now it seems certain that the American and Canadian wheat-harvests will be much smaller than usual. A rise in food prices is inevitable in the winter.

THE Olympic Games are setting in with their usual severity. The first "incident" has occurred before the Games themselves have even begun, with the suspension of an American lady swimmer. The really odd thing is why they are called "Games."

COLONEL LINDBERGH spoke wise words in Berlin about the menace of air-bombing. But will anyone listen to the world's most famous airman? Especially will Colonel Lindbergh's host pay attention? General Göring commands the biggest air force in Western Europe, and he is not notable for cooing like a dove.

THE publication of a new book by Mr. J. B. Priestley is an event of some importance. Mr. Priestley and Mr. Aldous Huxley are the biggest of the post-war generation of writers. We have now reached the "gap" which the war years created, and these two are the nearest to crossing it and joining the Big Shots on the other side. I do not think they can yet be placed with the giants. But they are the next best that we have got.

"A GOOD county batsman," is the Australian verdict on Walter Hammond, the Gloucestershire and England cricketer. His hundred against the Indians at Old Trafford may induce them to think again. I am told that it was reminiscent of Hammond at his greatest, and that was very great indeed. It was a first-class judge of the game who said a couple of years ago that the selection of an English Test match side was simplicity itself: any ten Yorkshiremen and Hammond.

AN alleged story about Wilfred Rhodes (I do not guarantee its authenticity, but it certainly is perfectly in character): "I played first-class cricket," the famous left-hand bowler is supposed to have said, "for about thirty years, but Hadley Verity has got one ball which I never had—the one they cut square for four runs."

IT is twenty years since bombs were thrown at the "Preparedness" demonstration in San Francisco, and Tom Mooney has been in jail ever since. Everyone now agrees that the evidence against him was perjured, that the evidence for him was suppressed, and that the whole trial was a monstrous scandal. But apparently nothing can be done to get him out.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is eighty years old. He is admired and esteemed nowadays. Time was when he was execrated by all true-blues, Tory dinner-jacketed builders of Empire. Of all the citizens of the Lesser Breeds without the law, G. B. S. was the most vehemently detested. And what made it worse was that the more he was detested, the more he enjoyed it and the richer he became. Those must have been great days at the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square when those amazingly vital comedies were pouring out, and Mr. Harley Granville-Barker was at the height of his form as a producer.

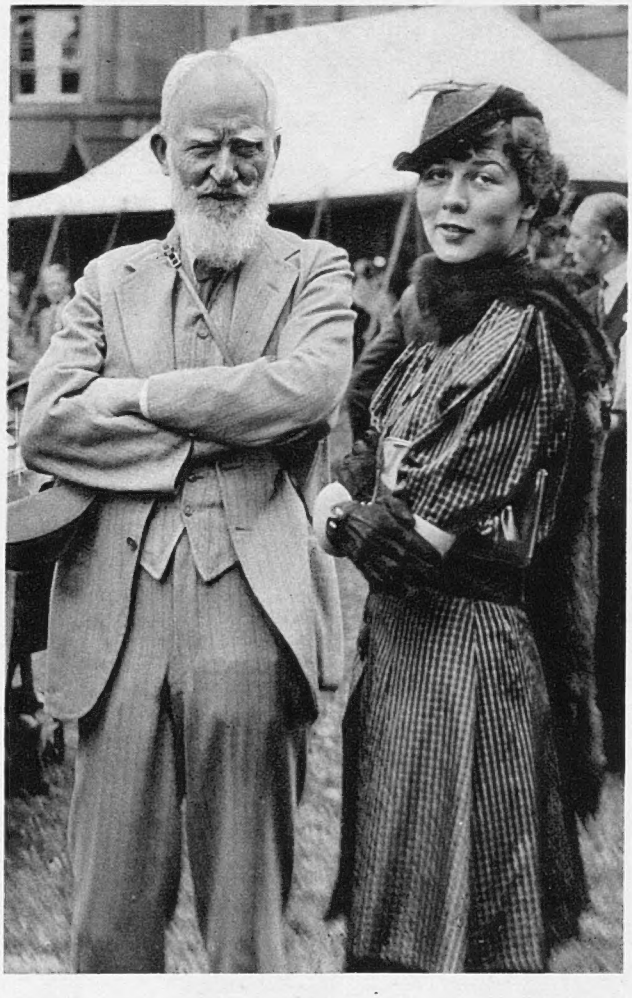
WHAT would an American journalist say if you told him that Bobby Jones contrived to get ashore in Great Britain without being noticed by a single newspaper? The American would have a good story to tell his colleagues about the dumbness of the Fleet Street boys. On the other hand, we might reply that the pestering of famous citizens has not been developed over here into a hundredth part of the fine art which drove Colonel Lindbergh and his wife out of their native land. The operative words of that sentence are "fine art."

THE sudden revival of the American habit of travelling has caught the steamship companies on the hop. So many big ships have been scrapped in the slump years that passages are not very easy to come by now that the rush has started again. The Queen Mary is fully booked up for several voyages, east and west, and Southampton is busier than in any year since 1930. Incidentally, it was news to me that Southampton deals with almost twice as many passengers as London, and London is the second passenger port in the country.

AT Waterloo Station last week I was transported back twenty years (metaphorically, of course; I am sure that the Southern Railway only goes forwards) by a sudden arrival of Canadian ex-soldiers who had been at the unveiling of the Vimy Memorial. They were a little stouter, perhaps, in figure than they used to be, a little greyer, and certainly a lot quieter. But in essentials they were just the same, clean-shaven, brown, and bright-eyed, as when they first saw the Vimy Ridge.

Vimy Memorial Sculptor

Mr. Walter Allward is the Canadian sculptor who spent fourteen years designing and creating the great Canadian War Memorial on Vimy Ridge. He has lived in England all that time; is now going back to Canada



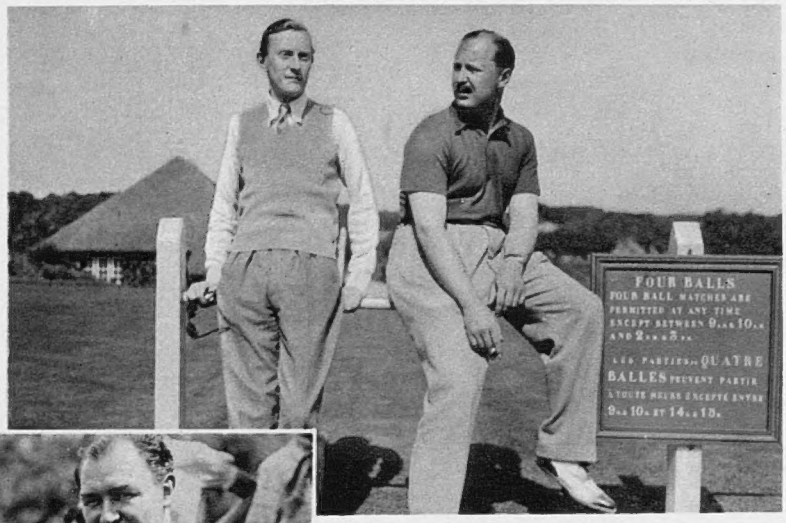
Malvern Hero and Heroine

Mr. Bernard Shaw's eightieth birthday was celebrated at the Malvern Festival by a revival of "St. Joan," generally counted his best play. Miss Wendy Hiller as the Maid received notices that make London audiences long for the chance of seeing her playing of the part. These two were photographed at Sir Barry Jackson's garden party

Golf in the Sun

A Le Touquet Week-End Tournament

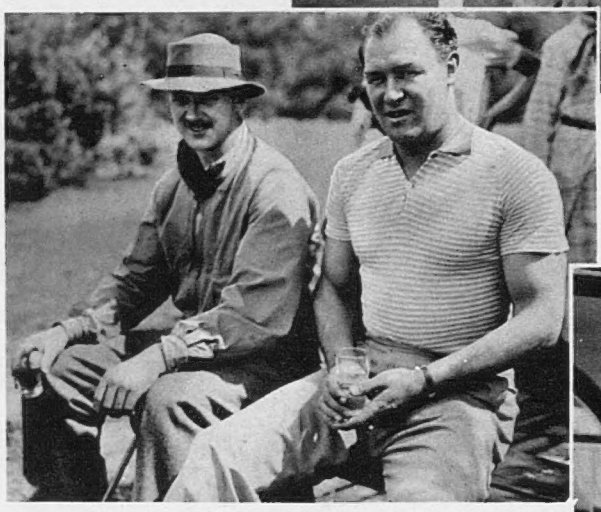
Lady Bury, Mrs. Robert Adeane and Lady Jean Mackintosh made an attractive wind-blown trio. Lady Bury was Diana Grove and married the Earl and Countess of Albemarle's eldest son as his second wife in 1931



Sir John Child and Mr. Charles Montagu (whose father, Capt. J. F. Montagu, owns Shortgrove Hall, in Essex) played in the Clive Burn Invitation Tournament which was the event of the week-end

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell

Left: Mrs. Somerset Maxwell wore dazzlingly white sports clothes, including one of the ubiquitous "wind-cheaters"



First Round Opponents

Above: the Hon. Robert Brand and Mr. Chris Mackintosh drew each other as first-round opponents. Mr. Brand is spending a golfing honeymoon; he married the Hon. Imogen Rhys a week or two ago

American Wives

Mrs. John Lithiby is the American wife of the first-round winner. They own a villa in Le Touquet and live in Paris. Mme. de Wardener was staying in their villa, and is another member of the Paris-American colony

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman

Left: the Willoughby Normans ate their golf-club tea together in the shade. He is Sir Henry Norman's second son, and she is Lord and Lady Trent's eldest daughter; they were married two years ago

Brooke — Allsopp

Mr. Peter Geoffrey Brooke, son of Major-General G. F. H. Brooke and Mrs. Brooke, married Lord Hindlip's younger sister, the Hon. Nancy Allsopp, last week. Their wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square

Mr. John Lycett Wills and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone

Mr. John Wills and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone left St. Margaret's, Westminster, between a Life Guards (the bridegroom's regiment) guard of honour. He is the second son of Captain and Mrs. Arnold Wills, of Thornby Hall, Northampton. The Hon. Jean Elphinstone is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and a niece of the Duchess of York, who came to the wedding with the Duke and the two small Princesses

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Meeting in Budapest

PADDLING your own canoe down the Danube is a favourite holiday nowadays, and one that has been chosen by Lord and Lady Churston and Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke.

With a minimum of luggage the party start this week from Passau, and "paddle" to Vienna, where they meet a welcome suit-case, and stay a day or two before paddling on to Budapest. They intend returning by train, and the whole expedition will take just a fortnight.

The Hon. Esmé Glyn, who is Lord Wolverton's daughter, and a great friend of Lady Anne's, may meet them in Budapest.

Miss Glyn, who bears a striking resemblance to the Duchess of Kent, has curly hair, large brown eyes, small regular features, and an enchanting smile. She has been staying at St. Bruno, the Duke of Norfolk's house, at Sunningdale, which the Hunlokes have taken for a few months.

Tea for One

AMONG the many aeroplanes that visited this country at the invitation of the Royal Aero Club ten days ago was one owned and piloted by Prince Soutzo, a charming young Roumanian, who was up at Oxford and has many friends in this country.

An entertaining book of vouchers, like a miniature cheque-book, was issued to the flying visitors. On each page inscriptions such as "July 23rd, one bed and breakfast, Savoy"; "July 24th, one luncheon, Grosvenor House"; "July 25th, one tea and one aperitif, Great Fosters," appeared.

We wondered if one could collect a few and "go a bust" with back dates all on one day! In spite of bad weather, the luncheon-party at Mr. Lindsay Everard's house in Leicestershire on Sunday, was an enormous success.

Glass-topped Dining Table

WHILE hoping that the rumour of her small nephew's illness is not true, nor the reason for her sudden dash home, her friends were thrilled to see Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks again.

She and "Doug" arrived on the Europa on one of those suddenly-arranged trips that only millionaires and film stars can afford to make.

Mrs. Fairbanks has been busily engaged in redecorating and doing up their Santa Monica beach house, which is adjacent to those owned by Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer.

The Fairbanks' dining-room is all white, with satin curtains and a mirror-topped dining table; a good idea, as too many reflections of the hostess's lovely face would be impossible.

A Club of Nine Members

CROQUET is no longer the prerogative of gouty, retired colonels. It is the latest craze of a gay theatrical colony near Horsham.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood and Mr. "Dickie" Bird and his wife, have formed themselves into a club, and presented each other with super croquet sets, initialled and bound with gilt!

The other day one of them entered a local haberdashery and ordered blazers for their "club."

"For how many?" asked the assistant, thinking of a nice fat commission on possibly three hundred blazers. "For six grown-ups and three children," replied the new member.

Beauties Who Work and Play

BY an unbelievable stroke of luck, it was a lovely day for Miss Daphne Lawson's wedding when she married Mr. Richard Cely-Trevilian.

The bride, who is young, charming and popular, wore a divine dress of "embossed" white satin, and the bridesmaids' dresses deserve special mention, in that they were simple, becoming, and eminently useful, being made of white chiffon and having nothing about them to date or mark them down as bridesmaids' apparel for ever after: useful to girls who work and play and are as beautiful as Miss Susan Bligh, Miss Molly Bishop, Miss Bevan, and Miss Erica Greer—who does not work yet that we know of.

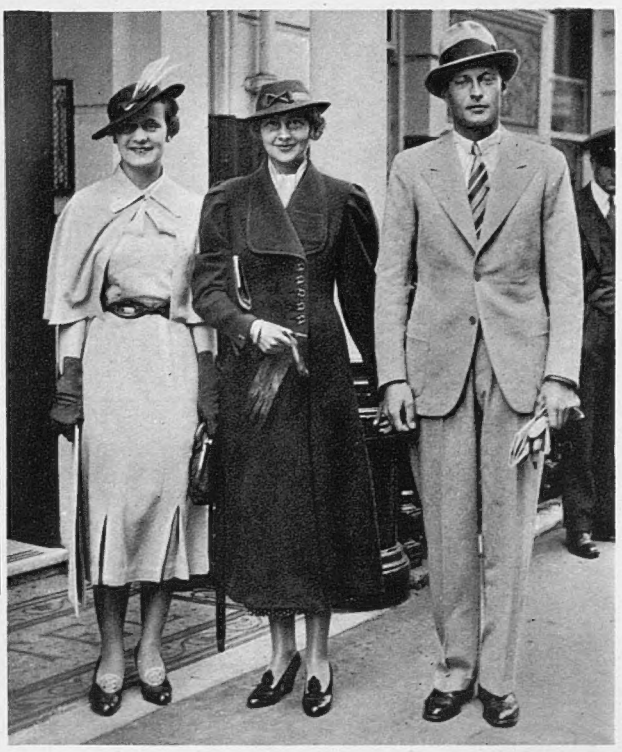
Mrs. David Heneage shepherded her two small sons, who were long-trousered,

Daly — McGowan

Mr. Dermot Ralph Daly, Scots Guards, and Miss Nan McGowan, Sir Harry and Lady McGowan's younger daughter, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Daly is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Denis Daly, of Over Norton Park, Oxfordshire

Committee Meeting

Lady Salisbury, who is talking to Lady Acton, held a morning meeting at her house in Arlington Street for the committee that's organising the Tauber concert on September 17th, in aid of the Finsbury - Islington Housing Association



Royal German Visitors

Lady Prudence Jellicoe, Princess Cecilie Victoria, and Prince Friedrich of Prussia were photographed in London. The German brother and sister are now staying with Lady Jellicoe in the Isle of Wight

white-satined pages, and quite unperturbed by their onerous position.

Their mother was the prettiest woman there ; Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald, the bride's aunt by marriage, always the best-dressed. She achieves the sleek, perfect simplicity in her clothes that is usually the prerogative of the smartest Frenchwomen.

A Fortune for Florists

THE last big first night before the Bank Holiday happened at Covent Garden, with Massine's new ballet, *Symphonie Fantastique*, as its centre-piece. The place was packed, the cheers were the kind that only a ballet audience produces, and so were the flowers that piled up on the stage at the end. Florists must have made a fortune out of the ballerinas' adorers this year. There was Covent Garden's usual fantastic mixture of people who know a lot about what they see and people whose ignorance would be unbelievable if one didn't overhear their remarks.

Experts included several famous dancers—Tchernichova, who is incomparably dramatic in *Scheherazade* and *Thamar* ; Sokolova with a bright red ribbon in her hair ; Ninette de Valois, " queen " of the Vic-Wells Company ; Serge Lifar over from Paris.

Cecil Beaton, who was in the stalls, had a special angle of interest as he did the décor for *Apparitions*, the Vic-Wells ballet on the same " scenario " as Berlioz gave his symphony.

The two dancing sub-debutantes, Grania Guinness, Lady Moyne's daughter, and Lady Rose Paget, never miss an interesting performance. They are both training seriously as ballet dancers, and Grania Guinness has even made her début as choregrapher.

Engaged Couple

Miss Diana Lambton, Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Lambton's only daughter, went to the Herbert-Hope wedding with her fiancé, Mr. William Williamson

Mackintoshes as Usual

A SERIES of unfortunate happenings prevented our leaving London for Goodwood in anything like reasonable time on the first day.

First of all we mislaid the young man who had offered us a car complete with chauffeur to take us down. Then, owing to the uncertain look of the weather, we changed our minds and our clothes half-a-dozen times, and it was one o'clock before we started.

We drove down in the sort of weather we are all painfully accustomed to, in other words, *a pretty useful* downpour.

On arrival just before the last race but one, we found everyone splashing about in unbelievable puddles.

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson proved that a white mackintosh and pull-on felt hat are about the most becoming things one can wear. Miss Sheila Roche, a lady owner, in a white mackintosh cloak and jockey cap, emerged from the Maharaja of Rajpipla's tent. Next door, in Mr. Carl Bendix's, we found Mrs. Wanda Baillie-Hamilton and her attractive mother, Mrs. Norman Holden, in a slate-blue ensemble. In Punch's tent, Miss Orr Wilson was offering hospitality in her yacht after the races.

We were so late we had to ask our friends for information, and they seemed to agree that the Duchess of Buccleuch, in mauve tweed and pale-grey foxes, took the palm for looks, and a super-attractive outfit.

Really Beautiful

MANY girls are pretty, perhaps even more are attractive, but very, very few are really beautiful.

One of the loveliest of the rare beauties is Mrs. Mark Pilkington, whose features and figure are perfect, whose entirely natural complexion is staggering, and whose hair springs up from a parting and waves in an enchanting way of its own. She and her husband were staying with Captain Herbert Buckmaster (" Buck ") at Frinton last week-end. In the good old days, people would have climbed on to park chairs to gaze at a face like Susan Pilkington's.

Midsummer Night's Fashions

LOVELY Mrs. Leila Crawford, in a full-skirted dress of stiff white piqué, a large posy of herbaceous flowers in front, and a stupendous cape of outsize silver foxes, at Quintos', the fashionable new restaurant in Arlington Street. MISS PEEPS

A Remarkable Ballet Season

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE present season has made ballet history. Never has Covent Garden been so full, and with a rival at the Alhambra that continued to draw very respectable houses. It is all the more remarkable since Covent Garden has waited six weeks before giving us a novelty of first-class importance: one might almost say three years, since Massine's *Choreartium*.

Those six weeks, however, have shown much interesting dancing and have provided endless subject for discussion in the foyer. Toumanova makes an unconvincing start and then surprises those who would decry her by giving the best performances of her career in *Le Spectre de la Rose* and *La Symphonie Fantastique*. Baronova, only last year a shy child, holds the stage with authority; Riabouchinska adds school to lightness, and Danilova reaches fresh heights: a matchless collection, the heirs to a great tradition.

It is Verchinina, however, who is finding something new to say. Watch them at rehearsal in practice dress, and it is Verchinina who carries with her the whole atmosphere of what she does, who suggests the context and compensates one for the loss of scenery and costume. Always a good artist, this year she has shed all strain and mannerism and attained true maturity of expression. Whether her future lies in ballet proper or in some form of choregraphy of her own devising is a moot point, but the classical system superimposed upon the new dance gives her unique opportunities.

Then there is an enormously improved Lichine. Always a romantic, he has realised what discipline can add to his results. With him the severely classical *Blue Bird* is in the nature of a tour de force. He performs it interestingly, but it is in *L'Après-midi d'un faune* and *Scheherazade* that he shows himself in some respects Nijinsky's heir.

There are newcomers, too; an immature but splendidly classical Zovitch; Lazovsky, who promises to be the best character dancer since Woizikovsky; and three Americans (heavily disguised), the lyrical Anna Adrianova, who now needs a more extensive musical education to be something really fine; Nana Golder, already discovered by Hollywood, placed under contract, and loaned to ballet, beautiful in build, strong in technique; and the red-headed Marc Platoff, infinitely intelligent, clear-cut and definite in movement. And I have not yet exhausted the wealth of this company.

BUT there are dangers ahead. These young dancers are at a critical age, and they are clearly being overworked. Such an extensive repertoire is only possible as Diaghileff (still the major inspiration in ballet as a glance at any repertoire will show) so clearly understood when there is a halt for study and repairs such as the season at Monte Carlo can alone provide. Excess of work and travel may well demolish all that has been achieved and all that promises, and apart from any humanitarian considerations, such a group cannot be found again in a generation. No doubt a management that has already shown such skill is alive to these dangers and will find some way of reconciling commercial interests with art.

THE season has been further enlivened by the great symphonic controversy and the "symphonists" have secured a mighty champion in Ernest Newman, whose faith in the possibilities of the new ballet is infinitely encouraging. There can be no doubt that the art has taken on an entirely new form that can no longer be described under the convenient label of *Russian Ballet* and that must be called after its great founder, *Massine Ballet*. Based on the orthodox technique, it recognises and makes use of much that is best in the new forms of dancing, and it recognises the fact that there is a whole field of emotions never before investigated in ballet. It will attract a vast new public and largely from the ranks of the theatregoer, for a certain type of musical intellect views it with suspicion and hostility.

MASSINE'S new and his greatest work, *La Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz, raises no such controversial issues since it is based on the composer's own programme, the story of his suffering and love for the English actress, Henrietta Smithson, told in the romantic, symbolical form of the period. Romanticism has come to ballet six years after its centenary celebrations, ushered in by Ashton's fine *Apparitions* at Sadler's Wells, followed by Fokine's *romantisme avant l'heure* of *Don Juan*, and culminating in Massine's veritable romantic festival. All three works are notable, though there is none but a superficial basis of comparison since Massine is following his own path away from Russian ballet, while Fokine is the standard-bearer of Russian ballet itself. In extent alone the Berlioz is impressive, consisting as it does of five distinct ballets, employing the entire company.

BALLET the first is a continuation of his symphonic method, firmer and more mature, concentrated around the figure of the tormented musician, Massine's own fine creation. The second, the ballroom scene, is nearer to orthodox ballet, a whirl of gaiety from some romantic etcher's plate.

In the third, the pastoral scene, Massine reaches his greatest choregraphic height with music that seemed an almost insoluble problem. He reveals a peace, a feeling for nature quite alien to him before. It is the solution of the treatment of the Grecian scene usually either stylised on to the "points" or made intolerable by a crazy desire for authenticity. Nijinsky indicated it in the Faun, Massine has resolved it here.

In the fourth tableau, the torture and execution of the lover, romanticism comes to its full expression in a vast series of pictures that evoke Daumier, Delacroix, Géricault, and the tragedy is brought to its climax in the Witch's Sabbath, a mass of intricate subtle detail, all of one piece. Massine has lived with this work for three years, has rehearsed it for months, and if it is another three years until he produces a major work again, it is not too long.

Toumanova in "Symphonie Fantastique"

In Massine's great new ballet to the Berlioz Symphony, Toumanova takes the part of the "Beloved," the woman who haunts the opium-dreams of the Young Musician. Massine himself dances the latter part

FOR once the ballet has not neglected its décor and has found in Christian Bérard the one modern romantic who is a theatrical expert, and who could truly become a partner in this important work. His designs embellish, and in the ballroom scene, they even add to the choregraphy. Of no artist can one say more.

The experiment tried in the case of *Présages*, that of giving it in practice costume against a cyclorama, showed in convincing fashion the relationship between costume and choregraphy. Inadequate though the costumes may be, without them the ballet suffered; what should be a theatrical spectacle became a series of fine dancing exercises unrelated in idea. Had it been tried with *Choreartium* it might have been a complete success, for here is an abstract work devoid of all symbolism. Even then good costumes and scenery are the best of all, and such austerity in a theatre is mistaken.

Perhaps this use of Bérard is the beginning of a new artistic policy so urgently needed, if these remarkable dancers and remarkable works are to be properly seen and are to convince the widest possible public.

A Salzburg view from the Moenchsberg, with the Cathedral in the centre; the open-air performances of "Everyman" are given in front of it

Salzburg

Setting and Stars for the 1936 Festival

Right: Max Reinhardt watches a rehearsal. He has produced for this year's Festival "Faust" and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Everyman"

A Courtyard of the Hohen Salzburg

The great Toscanini is conducting three operas this year—"Fidelo," "Falstaff," and "Die Meistersingers"—and two concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic

Scattered enthusiasts left London for Salzburg in time for the start of the Festival on July 25th; the main migratory body streamed out there last week-end, to fill every hotel and inn and guest-house and the castles of their friends, until the end of this month. Toscanini and Walter and Weingartner are conducting this year, and Reinhardt has two productions on the programme

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Another First Play and A Very Old Favourite

"The Visitor" (Daly's Theatre)

THIS is yet another play by a new author. There have been so many this season, and most of them have shown varying degrees of promise. Nicholas Montsarrat is evidently full of enthusiasm for his job, but his first play is rather naïve. His heroine, Diana (Greer Garson), is such a very spoilt and capricious young woman : a girl who rushes out for a stroll in the park after dinner and brings back a young man like Karl Noval (Louis Borell) deserves to be severely dealt with ; instead of which her father (Aubrey Dexter), who is doting to the point of imbecility, encourages her to establish this foreign waster as a guest of honour in the spare room, where he remains for months and months on the strength of having written a play with a high moral uplift.

Naturally, Diana breaks off her suitable but dull engagement to a worthy young man and involves herself deeply with Karl. The best point in the plot is the absolute and complete failure of the much-vaunted play—a situation which is interesting in its reactions. Finally, Karl goes out alone into the night from whence he came, and, considering the way she has behaved, Diana is very lucky to be able to fall once more into the arms of Richard (Guy Middleton), her former fiancé ; but whether it is luck for him is extremely doubtful. Greer Garson has great possibilities as an actress, but, clever as she is, she cannot make this part very convincing.

Louis Borell has many of the attributes that go to the making of a popular actor, but his charm is perhaps a little too studied. The minor parts are all very well played. Guy Middleton is admirably undramatic in the stodgy part of the slighted lover, and Nadine March, as a naughty girl from Karl's murky past, gives an excellent little character study.

Lucille, tough as tough : Phyllis Monkman

"No! No! Nanette" (London Pavilion)

ALTHOUGH eleven years have passed since its first production at the Palace Theatre, *No ! No ! Nanette* bears revival wonderfully well. Perhaps the plot is a trifle more intricate and insisted upon than is the case with the modern musical comedy, where the story is generally of the haziest description, embarked on lightheartedly and soon forgotten. But the return to the stage of this old favourite was the occasion for a great and enthusiastic welcome. Members of the audience could be heard telling each other how many times they had seen the original show and how many times they hoped to see the present one.

Barbara Vernon, the Nanette who succeeds Binnie Hale, made rather a slow start : she was obviously nervous, but she soon warmed up to her part and gave a really excellent performance. She has a charming little voice, a simple manner, and her dancing is delightful. As the two comedians, Shaun Glenville and Clifford Mollison put all they know into their work, and they really are exceedingly funny, particularly in the scene where a telegram arrives and there is a lot of chat about the "wi-ah." They play the parts on quite different lines to Joe Coyne and George Grossmith, the original Jimmy and Billy, but they are in their way quite as amusing. Phyllis Monkman as Lucille, Billy's wife, manages to make a very great deal out of rather indifferent material. The show may be said still to live on its two famous and popular songs, "Tea for Two" and "I Want to be Happy," both of which are "plugged" for all they are worth—and that is a good deal.

Causing most of the fun : Shaun Glenville and Clifford Mollison

Sketches of "No ! No ! Nanette" by Rouson

The new Nanette and her Trainor : Barbara Vernon and Edward Molloy

Cannons of Hollywood

Florence Desmond and Her French Bulldog

Beulah is the name of the bulldog and he thought nothing of being photographed, and being no actor didn't hide his disgruntled feelings. His owner has been on holiday from the stage; she was at her wittiest and best in the Henson show, *Seeing Stars*, but got ill from make-up poisoning and had to go away to convalesce. She has been doing film work since she recovered, and appeared on the Ashford Cinema stage ten days ago for Jeanne de Casalis' great yearly show for the Valentine Pension Fund for Actors. Florence Desmond's husband, Campbell Black, gave a flying display for the same event

Baron

Frank Dobson Sculpts for a Cinema

Frank Dobson's first work for the film world is part of the décor for a new cinema in Wandsworth Road, S.W. He is designing thirty-six panels, each symbolising some phase of music, for an organ grille. The work was commissioned by Sidney L. Bernstein, who owns a chain of cinemas to which the new Wandsworth one belongs; Bernstein and Dobson first met when they were helping to form the Film Society, most highbrow of film organisations. Dobson as a sculptor is a "modern"; he exhibits with the London Group, has had two one-man shows at the Leicester Galleries, the last in 1927, and has had work shown at exhibitions in various European capitals. He lives in Chelsea

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Crack

"THE Hon. Gentleman has never put his hand to the plough, never forked a load of hay, never pulled a turnip or cleaned a byre."

(Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, referring to Mr. Robert Boothby (Con., Aberdeen East) in the House of Commons, if anybody cares.)

Mr. Boothby is a stockbroker, Mr. Elliot a practical farmer in his spare time. Mr. Boothby knows a whole lot about bulls, but Mr. Elliot knows the right end of cows, like Farmer Lloyd George, by this time. It goes without saying that there was a fair amount of laughter at Mr. Elliot's jape; those boys laugh very readily. It can't—a cynical old Late Victorian ex-M.P. told us at a party the other night—have been equal to the volume of laughter which greeted the Great Parliamentary Agricultural Joke of the 'nineties, when the Hon. Bobby Somebody—we didn't get his name—rose and addressed the House, beginning: "Mr. Speaker, I am not an agricultural labourer. . . ."

The Hon. Bobby at the moment of speaking wore a high starched collar and exquisite frock-coated morning clothes, with a tea-rose in his buttonhole. His boots were of the slimmest patent-leather, his glossy hair was neatly parted in the middle, his hands were white and shapely, and he was deathly serious. Even the purplest back-bench Conservatives howled with laughter at this one, our friend assured us.

Oh-You-Awful Dept.

THE death occurred the other day of Dr. Herbert Tugwell, Anglican Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, who was liable to be torn in pieces by the infuriated citizenry of these islands in the year 1899—and why? Because he suggested that the sahibs of British West Africa drink gin and rum all day and are guilty of sin. The sahibs of Lagos, stung to madness by this charge, instituted proceedings against the bishop for criminal libel, but the then Duke of Westminster took his side and the case was dropped. Nevertheless, this shows how dangerous it is to cast any aspersions on the Island Race.

They do say that the sahibs of Malaya aren't so terribly keen on Somerset Maugham, for much the same reason. Mr. Maugham's stories . . . well, Mr. Maugham's stories bathe those stalwart chaps (and their wives) in no ruddy pink flood, as stage electricians say. (Least of all the memsahibs). Mr. Maugham, in fact, shows them as neither particularly heroic or beautiful, but just rather silly human beings, like you and us; a dangerous thing to suggest ever since the great Nordic Superman Drive of the nineteenth century, when Macaulay and Froude and Freeman and Kingsley and Carlyle and all the historical boys, professional and amateur, proved in chorus that these islands exclusively enshrine Heaven's Elect. This impression still lingers, experts tell us. The surprising thing is that Mr. Wells doesn't believe it.

"Care to try it out, Colonel?"

Excuse, Please

AT last we know what we've got, after scanning a list of ultra-modern nervous diseases published in one of the psychological papers. It isn't the old dog-trouble and it isn't phobophobia (which is the fear of showing fear); it's phobophobophobia, the fear of being afraid of showing fear. We got it during the War, and we've got it now. In simple, non-technical language, what occurs is this: we're in a position of extreme danger on land or sea, say, among a company of clean-cut chaps with cold blue eyes and small, finely-shaped heads. We long to show we're scared stiff, as most people do, but the rather sniffy attitude of the chaps makes us afraid we won't have the courage to show it. See our unfortunate position? In nine cases out of ten we succumb to phobophobophobia like cowards, bite on the bullet, and pretend we haven't any imagination at all, and that we just don't give a damn. Actually we're sick with terror.

Our consolation is that among the great fighting captains who've regularly had the wind up before battle—it surprises one to find how many there really are — was Charles the Fifth, Emperor, who frankly admitted it more than once. If he could overcome phobophobophobia so gallantly there seems a hope for the likes of us. Eh?

Big Boy

IT strikes us as a singular thing that one of the

best plays of this generation, and certainly one of the best films, should each be written round the life-story of Louis Pasteur, that great and humble man; a story devoid of sex or flafla. Sacha Guitry's play is much better than the new Hollywood film, though Paul Muni's Pasteur is brilliant; those American locutions sound all wrong, somehow. Guitry, moreover, beyond writing a perfect drama, introduced what was an exciting theatrical innovation at that date — he made Pasteur, addressing the Académie de Médécine, address the audience over the footlights, and to help the illusion he sprinkled actors among the audience to argue with the speaker. Nobody seems to have developed this idea since by making the actors jump over the footlights and beat up the more odious occupants of the stalls.

"Ah, I can never resist this tune!"

In neither play nor film could there very well be incorporated a nightmare incident of the 'eighties, when Pasteur experimentally inoculated six tough beefy Russians suffering from wolf-bite—hydrophobia—with a new serum at the Hôtel-Dieu. The experiment failed, and the scene was worthy of Grand Guignol: the six moujiks foaming and howling and leaping in agony on their beds, the attendant nuns praying fervently for them, Pasteur and Tillaux and his assistants silent, grim, and helpless, and the entire hospital, patients and staff, stiff with horror. The fault wasn't entirely Pasteur's, it appeared later—there's a technical explanation—but such a check would have annihilated a lesser man. Compare the great Pater, who once inadvertently split an infinitive, to the terror of Oxford, but rallied gloriously and won through. We know a man, also, who once saw the great Tolley make an air-shot—yet is Mr. Tolley in self-imposed exile to-day? The thing is to have humility; and, thank God, most of our modern great are stiff with it.

Lotos Land

HAVING carefully perused a free but disturbing booklet informing us How Thousands of Executives Double Their Ability To Get Things Done, Speed Up the Results Of Their Executive Thinking, Increase Production, Reduce Costs, and Preserve Money-Making Ideas And Turn Them Into Cash, we felt a little self-conscious and ashamed of what goes on daily in the BYSTANDER office. The chief bit of furniture in our own department is a low-swung lacquered Chinese divan on which we lie dreaming most of the day, sprayed with Coty Millefleurs by crooning Tiller girls, taking a little haschish, or blowing clouds of smoke from fragrant Havanas supplied by the management. When anything wants doing we lazily clap our hands twice, after which nothing much happens. Outside our door we hear the grunting of the slaves bearing A. G. Macdonell in his palanquin from the cocktail-bar (first floor) to the Louis XV. Rest-Room (second floor). He never gets out of it except to waltz rather languidly with one of the Society women who throng the passages, vainly hoping for his autograph. The sensuous fumes of Oriental incense burning everywhere in silver thuribles (a gift of the Ajax Assurance Company) deprives most of our staff of any initiative they ever had. They generally lie about playing love-songs on the dulcimer with half-closed eyes, their vitality completely sapped. Alan Thomas has most of the week's books read to him by a eunuch. Charles Graves dictates most of his stuff, rather unwillingly, lying in a milk bath. The Editor lives in Stamboul, covered with rose-leaves.

Judge, therefore, how unwelcome this bleak, brisk, bustling booklet about executives and doubled ability was to people like us. We gave it to a girl, or what looked like a girl, accompanied by what looked like a gilt Chinese dragon wearing a postman's hat. She had no face, either.

"This end, darling"

Home Girls' Corner

DAINTIEST news-item of the last few days :

SHY SPINSTER, 65, IS FOOTBALLER AT 68.

" All Done By Love."

Three years ago Miss Alice Maud Mary Greet was a shy, retiring spinster of 65. Yesterday, as Mrs. William Skilton, she demonstrated her rejuvenation by playing football for the Hooe Ladies' team. Her side won 5—1 against a Turnchapel side.

There were pictures in the same issue of enormous girls practising the high jump and hurling the javelin. Their massive limbs bulged with muscularity, their strong features were distorted and agonised by the grim determination to conquer or die. No effeminacy here, by Gad ! These are the sort of girls a Guardsman could cling to, trusting and secure against Life's buffetings. What other country can produce them ? as Jane Austen said when she tapped the claret of Sailor Bugsby of the Royal Navy with a smart left hook. " The local girl," wrote Pierce Egan, who witnessed the mill at Bath Assembly Rooms, " was in *prime twig*, and connected with the Sailor's *nob* in rattling style. As early as the fifteenth round she planted a corker on the nautical champion's *right peeper* which induced her friends of the Fancy to back her six to four. Several noble and genteel patrons had to be assisted to their carriages, their nerves having proved unequal to the strain." Lovers of *Pride and Prejudice* will remember the scene on Epsom Downs in which Battling Liz Bennet knocks out Dusty Darcy in the seventh round—" as womanly a wallop," remarks Lady de Burgh to the Reverend Collins, " as anyone on the Flash Side could wish to see." This is the type of girl who makes us what we are, and though Mrs. Skilton didn't actually kick one of the winning goals we hope George Allison was there to sign her on for the Arsenal.

Enigma

BY exhuming next month the remains of Peter Stuart Ney, a fencing-master who died in 1846, the North Carolina authorities hope to settle the question of his being the great Marshal Ney, as he claimed. If indeed the Marshal's firing-squad used blank cartridges to execute him with, and if indeed he did escape to America, despite Napoleon, a nice little historical romance is indicated. " Ex America semper aliquid novi," as the showgirl said to the Dean. That greater mystery, the colossal enigma of the missing Dauphin, little Louis XVII., may—who knows ?—be solved some day by the death of some garage-mechanic in Kentucky.

This is admittedly one of the most absorbing puzzles in history. Lenotre and other scientific historians have come to the conclusion, after arduous research, that the unhappy child was smuggled out of the Temple about 1794 and another child substituted. The substitute died and was passed off officially as the Dauphin, but the evidence against this being true is extremely strong. It 's just possible that the real Dauphin grew up and eventually died, still under guard, in some remote French province, years after the Restoration. His gaolers worked so on his infant mind that he may even have forgotten his identity, lived as an obscure farm-labourer, and had descendants. Our theory is that this was the case, that the Dauphin's descendants emigrated to America, and that the present King of France *de jure* is Robert Benchley, New Yorker theatre critic, who has all the air of a grand seigneur and scatters his change about with a markedly regal nonchalance, besides being a tease of the first water.

Piano, Piano . . . .

APART from the babble and clatter, the applause and the speeches, the Anti-Noise League's recent luncheon seems to have been conducted quite quietly. According to one of the *Express* boys the luncheon made a deafening uproar, to which the crunching of lettuce added a pleasing and distinctive note. (He missed a point here—he ought to have made it celery. Remember the man in the Wodehouse yachting story who thought somebody was running out the anchor-chains, but it was only his uncle eating celery ?) Anyhow, the speeches were the most nerve-racking feature. Like the conversation, they should have been conducted by means of " handies," the silverware and cutlery and crockery should have been of rubber, the waiters dumb, and every luncher should have worn a silencer while actually eating.

This obvious criticism done with, everybody of intelligence must applaud the League's already successful warfare against the hellish din which drives so many of us crazy day after day after day. Two insoluble problems only confront them at the moment, the aeroplane engine and the pneumatic drill, for they haven't as yet extended operations to " hot " dance bands, screaming sopranos, and (above all) yelling girls in restaurants. May the day not be long when every plate has a dainty gag by its side.

Note on a Cuff

ADD to long-distance promises :

" You shall have that bracelet, sweetheart, on the day Frau Scholtz-Klink, the Perfect Nazi Woman, is elected Railway Queen of Tel-Aviv."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" He insists he 's training for a parachute drop "

Films of the Day

A Missed Opportunity

By George Campbell

AT 5.13 a.m. on April 18th, 1906, those citizens of the gay and sinful city of San Francisco who happened to be in bed were awakened by heaving floors, tumbling walls, the shrieks of the trapped and dying, and a rumbling like distant thunder. A judgment of heaven on the wicked Barbary Coast, the pious and superstitious called it. Be that as it may, the earthquake and the great fire that followed it wiped out half the city, cost the insurance companies £60,000,000, deprived 300,000 people of their homes and 1000 of their lives, and was an excessively unpleasant business all round.

NOW Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have made a film of it. *San Francisco* ought to be terrific, and, in places, is. For vividness and horror and sheer convincing realism, the scenes of the disaster have never been excelled. The cast is extraordinarily powerful—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Jeanette Macdonald, Jack Holt, and a score of others who would be starred or featured prominently by producers less prodigal of talent than M.-G.-M. The script is by Frances Marion, said to be the highest-paid scenario writer in the business; and to round off the recital, the director was W. S. Van Dyke, the man who made *The Thin Man* and that forgotten masterpiece, *White Shadows in the South Seas*.

WHY, then, is *San Francisco* only mediocre? The answer is to be found in the characterisation. The characters, lifted straight out of stock, are too familiar. The girl (Miss Macdonald) who sings in the gambling hell, pretty and pure—the girl, I mean, not the gambling hell; the handsome proprietor (Clark Gable), a devil with the women, but unwilling when the crisis comes to do our Jeanette wrong, the smooth Society man (Jack Holt), who owns shady resorts on the Barbary Coast and covets the heroine to the point of offering her honourable marriage; the sentimental old broken-down musician who finds happiness in his discovery of the girl's talent—how many times have we met them all before? How often in the story does one dream of "twists" to come and wake up, a reel or two later, to find (like the lady in the limerick) that the worst is only too true! There is even a muscular Christian, a boxing priest, though in his case the character is made to live by the nonchalance of Spencer Tracy's technique, and the sheer force of his personality. What acting honours there are in *San Francisco* are mainly his.

"San Francisco"

Jeanette MacDonald is a sinless singer in a sinful café; Clark Gable is its handsome proprietor; Al Shean, a broken-down music professor, is telling them about Jeanette's real talent. This preponderance of stock characters is the one weak point of M.-G.-M.'s otherwise lavish spectacle of an earthquake engulfing a twentieth-century Nineveh; "San Francisco" went to the Empire ten days back

NOT that Mr. Gable is bad, exactly. He has a rough virility, together with a considerable gift for putting over dialogue. If he lacks subtlety, that is only to be expected of an actor catapulted into fame without the long stage experience required for the acquisition of vocal lights and shades. Mr. Tracy, who had a sound training in the hard school of Broadway, is a master of under statement, just as Sir Gerald du Maurier was. He can "throw away" a line and make it tell more than another man's shout; he gets more effect with an impassive face and an almost imperceptible change of tempo than the average actor would from a fiery oration. Yet his fan-mail is probably one-tenth of Clark Gable's, and his salary less than half. What is the explanation? I suppose it must all boil down to sex-appeal. I cannot think of any other.

MISS MACDONALD offers no such problems. She has the looks of a perfect magazine cover, complete to the pearly teeth and golden hair whose miraculous wave survives fire and earthquake; and for a musical comedy artist she acts well and has a goodish voice. In *San Francisco* she has to sing excerpts from *Faust*, and, no matter what music critics may think, gets away with it quite nicely. Amongst a dozen others who contribute useful bits are Ted Healy, and that wonderful veteran, Jessie Ralph.

Liane Haid and Stephen Haggard—Aloysia and Mozart

"Whom the Gods Love," the screen interpretation of Mozart's struggles in private and public life, is the Basil Dean film for which Sir Thomas Beecham recorded the L.P.O. for the first time. The cast is a strong one, with John Loder and Liane Haid as well as Stephen Haggard and Victoria Hopper, and it's well worth a visit to the Curzon, even if you loathe music, to see Ernst Stern's dresses and the fine shots in Austria

I NEVER saw the stage version of *Laburnum Grove*. On the screen, with Edmund Gwenn in his original rôle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke playing his good-for-nothing brother-in-law, and Victoria Hopper, his daughter, it is quite good fun. Mr. Gwenn, in case you don't know, is a suburban family man who astonishes his hitherto slightly patronising family by telling them he is a forger of bank-notes. When they have recovered from the shock their manners begin to change. His brother-in-law cleans his boots, his daughter rises early to get his breakfast; as a desperate law-breaker he is respected where before he was merely tolerated.

Incidentally, his relatives develop nerves, for which they can hardly be blamed; a policeman at the door reduces them to panic. The little forger, or soi-disant forger, remains calm and cheerful. Even a visit by an inspector from Scotland Yard cannot ruffle him, and after a nice little duel of words, which could have been wittier, the inspector retires temporarily baffled. But only temporarily. He is on the trail, and you know that sooner or later he will catch up. The crook knows it, too, and we fade out with him on the way to France in a day excursion steamer—"No Passports Required." It has often occurred to me that this offered a pretty obvious means of avoiding passport examinations, but as the thought must have occurred even oftener to the criminal and legal classes, I assume that there must be a catch in it somewhere.

BY BATLLES, BARCELONA

Ballerina in Colour—Irina Baronova

This gay, laughing Baronova is one that Covent Garden audiences don't see, even in the lighthearted parts which she mimes with such exquisite humour. And no one has more of the aloof dignity of the ballerina than Baronova in her classical and symphonic dancing, which this year is lovelier than ever. Her performances in *Aurora's Wedding* and *Choreartium* in particular could hardly be more perfect. Since last year she has married; she is now Mme. Sevastianoff in private life, wife of the secretary of the de Basil company

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 32

Carl Brisson

CARL BRISSON is unique because he is the only actor left who still has a huge following of girls and young women. They hang round the stage door of any theatre at which he is playing. They lie in wait for him at the hotel at which he is staying. They give him writer's cramp with their autograph books. And he has the names of sixty-seven thousand of them in England alone all carefully filed away. For Carl, who has been commissionaire and prize-fighter as well as matinée idol and actor-manager before becoming a film star, is a first-class business man. He has no intention of being caught when the curtain comes down for the last time. Already he owns two large apartment houses in the main street of Copenhagen, and is behind a scheme for a grand new hotel there. In London he has a big financial interest in a number of East End fish shops. In Hollywood he sat back with Nordic phlegm collecting his salary under contract, whether or not they used him in pictures. Fifty thousand pounds in thirty months is nice money in any coinage. Where other stars would have got temperamental, Carl basked, smiled, bathed, and kept his diary and his head.

THE London public knows him best for his performances in *The Merry Widow* and in *Wonder Bar*. But he has never played in any show in this country which has failed to run at least a year. At Daly's Jimmy White regarded him as his mascot; and Carl indeed has been lucky for very many people. Ida Lupino got her chance to go to Hollywood after being in a picture with him. Pat Patterson, Wendy Barrie, Margot Grahame, and Frances Drake all owe their success to Carl. Greta Garbo was a stage-struck flapper when Carl paid her ten shillings a night to sing a chorus from the stalls of his theatre in Copenhagen. Max Schmeling was discovered by him in Cologne, and for a time Carl acted as his trainer. In Berlin he taught the Crown Prince to box. In Hawaii he was the first white man to be made an Honourable Beach Boy. In California he is a Lieutenant of Police. In Prague he won the light heavy-weight championship of Middle Europe. In New York this autumn he is going to star in a Broadway show, *The Forbidden Melody*, by Otto Harback and Sigmund Romberg. But wherever he goes he is accompanied by his marvellous wife, Cleo, whom he knew in the cradle and whom he married at the age of seventeen.

CARL is a grand chap with no illusions, and without that insufferable conceit which one finds so often in male film stars. He doesn't mind where he works as long as the pay is good and the part fits. That is why he will be one of the very few actors to leave ultimately a really considerable fortune. "Salt it away for a rainy day" is his slogan; but the sun still shines as brightly as ever over his big curly head.

Charles Graves

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 49

The Raft : By Geoffrey Ford

Illustration by Lowen

RODNEY and I were lying on our backs upon the wiry turf of a Cornish cliff top. It was high summer, and a warm silence held the afternoon—a silence deepened by the vague murmur of bees and the thin discord of gulls volplaning high up in the sunlight and the blue.

"If I could muster sufficient energy," I said, "I feel that a bathe before tea would be extremely pleasant. It's my last chance for several months. What about it? Do you ever do any swimming now?"

Rodney did not reply at once, but continued methodically cleaning his pipe-stem with a blade of spire-grass, and I completely forgot the idle query until he repeated the word "swimming," and followed it with such a queer intake of breath that I looked at him quickly. His pipe lay forgotten on the turf, the spear of grass still thrust through the stem.

"Allen," he said. "I want you to take something away with you when you go to-morrow. You can call it what you will—a story, if you like, but to me it's become an almost intolerable load on my mind, and I *must* share the weight with someone. Because I haven't seen you for years, and probably shan't see you again for a long time, I'm going to unload while the mood's on me. You can listen or not—just as you like. Anyway, here goes!

". . . . Remember the old bathing-raft that used to be moored out there?" He pointed away to a spot just beyond the headland on our left. "But, of course, I forget—you didn't know this place then. Well, there was one; a crazy sort of thing that had been solid enough in its day, but that time and many storms had buffeted until it became just a great, sluggishly heaving square of semi-submerged and slowly disintegrating timber moored by a rusting chain. I had the local fishermen drag its moorings and drop them a quarter of a mile out, and I used to swim to it every morning before breakfast, excepting very rough weather. It used to fascinate me, and fill me with a wonderfully detached, other-worldly feeling of remoteness to be right out there away from the mainland, with no company but the gulls and no sound but the slap of the ground swell as it rose and fell under the raft. The early morning sunlight made the coastline look like a vapourous cloud-bank, and gave the illusion that the rotting wooden island was the only really solid thing in a world of mirage. There was the remains of an old diving platform on one side, to which I used to cling getting my breath back, before clambering up. I'd often tried to repair it, but the sodden timber wouldn't take the fresh bolts, so it had to remain as it was."

Rodney stopped for a moment to blow through the pipe stem.

"That," he continued, "was about four years ago—before that unforgettable thing happened.

"It was an August evening, very still and quiet, with just a hint of thunder in the air, and a distant range of clouds piled, like stone smoke, beyond Tearno Head. I'd been doing some heavy work in the garden, and was feeling pretty hot and grubby, when quite suddenly the thought of the old raft came to me; just the thing I was needing—a good brisk swim and back before the sun went down. It didn't take me long to get into a costume and wrap, and I took a short cut across the fields and came out in the lane leading to the cliffs."

Rodney paused and stared into the bowl of his empty pipe.

"It's a funny thing," he continued, "but as I walked down that quiet lane towards the meadow and the cliff path, there seemed to be a greyness across the evening although the sun was still above the trees, and the fields were ruled with slowly lengthening shadows, and the whole atmosphere was impregnated with that soft effulgent mist of a summer day's end. It was there though—this vague, what shall I say?—invisible web of apprehension. I couldn't shake it off, even when I met the sudden vista of the cliff top framed by ragged hedges and backed by the blue haze of the Atlantic; the view I showed you last night—remember? But that evening I missed it. Chiefly because my attention was held by a car which was drawn up by the path top a few yards from the cliff edge. An expensive car, sleek and low, and dulled with the dust of many miles. It was facing away from me, and at first I thought it was empty. When I was quite close, I heard a small sort of voice from inside the car. The speaker must have been unaware of my approach owing to the softness of the turf. It was a woman's voice, and I think I shall remember it—always."

Rodney stopped for a moment, and in the silence the faint explosion of the surf wafted up to us from below.

Rodney continued. "The voice was saying: 'Oh, God, please let him take me away from here—please . . . please!' The speaker was alone, and I think, in that first moment when we came face to face, she was the stillest thing I have

(Concluded on page 248)

". . . caught an expression on her husband's face as he looked at her that struck a chill to my heart"

The Raft *(Continued from page 247)*

ever seen. Her lips remained parted on the last word, and one hand strayed slowly to her throat. In that instant of meeting there seemed to be a kind of spiritual recognition; it was an incredible feeling. I think I was in love with her just a split second before I met her, and my first impression was that I had found the answer to a tremendously important riddle—only I didn't know the riddle. She showed no signs of embarrassment at being overheard, but just gazed at me, as I did at her. I simply couldn't look away from the lovely gravity of her mouth, and her eyes that were wide and grey, and minutely flecked with gold that softened their coldness. I apologised for startling her, and was half-way through an explanation of my presence when I was cut short by a hail from the cliff path just below our line of vision.

"Claire! Hey, there—aren't you ready yet? For heaven's sake hurry, girl!'

"She said, 'Yes, yes; I 'm coming—I 'm ready now.' She was still looking at me, and said it so softly that it seemed not so much an answer to him as a statement to me. I saw then that under her close-wrapped coat she, too, was wearing a bathing costume. I opened the car door for her, and, as I did so, another wave of apprehension swept over me, and I found myself pleading with her almost without realising what I was saying.

"'Stay here,' I said, 'I don't know why I 'm asking you, but in God's name don't go into the sea to-night. If you believe in premonitions and hunches, do as I say. Let me go and tell him; let me tell him there 's a treacherous current at this tide—anything—but don't go out to-night, please!'

"I think I even caught her wrist as if by physical force I could keep her back. Any story about currents would have been ridiculous I knew, and she knew it too, for they had evidently enquired at the village or they wouldn't have been here. She laughed at my sudden panic, and I gained sufficient control of myself to laugh too, for if I couldn't stop them there was no good in conveying my groundless fears to her: then, in the midst of a laugh, she was quite serious, her eyes dark with the sun no longer in them, although a little ghostly smile still haunted her mouth.

"She said, 'You know, when you came just now there had been a shadow; something vague—something monstrous, that had almost caught me up; but it 's gone now—quite, quite vanished.'

"She pushed back her hair, fair and unruly in the freshening breeze. From the hopelessness in my heart I said: 'I 'm sorry. For me to have scared you like that was unforgiveable, but from the moment I saw you it was as if . . .'

"Before I could finish whatever wild protestations were on my tongue, the man climbed the last of the steps and came across to us. He wore bathing-slips and swung a gay towel in one hand. He showed no surprise at my being there. In fact, apart from a first swift glance, he paid little attention to me. The only time he did so was following her re-telling of our meeting, and I tried to put him off bathing with my invention about the tides; but even before I 'd finished he threw back his head and laughed. The laugh was a little too long, and a little too loud, and was in strange contrast to the friendly smile he gave me.

"'Nonsense, nonsense!' he said. 'Both my wife and I are pretty good swimmers, and, in any case, this little choppiness will not allow for very great distances; anyway, it would appear that it were not too rough for you, so perhaps you will give us the pleasure of your company?'

"He placed one muscular arm about his wife's shoulders, and as she looked up at him he seemed to tower above her; a tall, broad man, of magnificent physique, with a face that suggested a legendary Norse hero. It was no good arguing with the man so I proposed a race to the old raft and back, to which they both agreed, and we descended the cliff path. I led, the girl followed, and the man brought up the rear. Once on the way down I turned to speak to her, and caught an expression on her husband's face as he looked at her that struck a chill to my heart such as a mid-winter sea could never do.

"We came to the beach, and after I had pointed out the position of the raft, we took the oncoming breakers together.

"I seemed to be swimming for hours, and the usual quarter of a mile seemed like ten in a world that held nothing but the scintillating dash and sparkle of water on my face and the embers of the sun burning down upon the horizon. My mind was tortured with a jumble of conflicting fears and pain, such as I hope never to know again. I reached the raft at last and clawed, panting, at the slimy wood, almost too exhausted to drag myself up on to the timbers. The choppy sea whipped by the evening breeze hid the other two, and I clung there waiting."

Rodney paused for a long time. At last the silence grew oppressive and I looked up. He was fumbling in his pocket-case, and as I watched produced a worn newspaper cutting. He threw it across to me without comment.

I read it. Read the cold, matter-of-fact headings and sub-headings. "Bathing Tragedy at Marlyn Bay. . . . Man and Wife Drowned while Racing to Derelict Raft. . . . Local Resident Witness of Double Fatality . . ." There was a lot more, but I didn't read it; there was no need, except that my eye caught the last paragraph reporting that both bodies, badly battered by the rocks, had been recovered a mile west of Porth Craith.

There was nothing I could say, and I folded the cutting in miserable silence. Suddenly, Rodney started speaking again.

"That isn't quite the end," he said. "Not quite. I hung on to the raft with my head just below the level of the top waiting for them to join me. As you know, they didn't come; then, suddenly a terror and a realisation jumped on me, and I was about to call out, when I felt the raft heave sluggishly, and knew that someone—someone by whose laboured breathing I knew to be a man, was climbing on to the far side. After a moment, I raised my head and saw him. He was squatting on the further edge looking back at a point midway between the raft and the shore. There was nothing to see there except a waste of water that the wind combed into racing white-capped wavelets. He was grinning—a broad, thin grin that widened as he rubbed his hands slowly up and down his hairy forearms, and he said, very softly: 'That 'll read quite well in the papers, my dear, dear Claire!' And he began to laugh.

"He was still smiling a little when I brought the rusty bolt from the diving platform down on the back of his skull and toppled him off the raft again. That 's all."

THE END

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook

Was one of the vice-chairmen of the Russian Ball given at Claridge's this month; she is half Russian (her mother was a member of a well-known Russian family), works on charity committees a lot and is the wife of Capt. W. Littlejohn Cook

Right: Mrs. Sidney Freeman is the wife of the racehouse owner; she was presented at one of the Garden Receptions by Mrs. G. T. Marriott

Mrs. Sidney Freeman

Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert

Victor McLaglen—Foreign Legion Commandant

"Under Two Flags"

Ouida's Foreign Legion Novel Makes a Film

Ronald Colman was on the West End screen last in *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, and Claudette Colbert in *The Bride Comes Home*, both slight, sophisticated pieces. Now they are together in quite a different picture, *Under Two Flags*, in which the Ouida-esque style of the original has been faithfully reproduced. Darryl Zanuck and his director, Frank Lloyd, took a vast film unit into the Arizona desert for the Arab fighting sequences, let off 32,000 rounds of blank (amongst other impressive statistical achievements), and the result has been one of the most successful big-scale scenic films for a long time. Handsome sergeant, Cigarette (the Legion's darling), English titled lady and tough commandant are played respectively by Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell and Victor McLaglen. The film is at the Tivoli

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Wife of Lawrence of Lucknow: By Alan Thomas

"HONORIA LAWRENCE" (John Murray; 16*s*.) is the story of Honoria, wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, who died when defending the Residency at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. The story is told by Mrs. Maud Diver, great-niece of Honoria, and is truly described as a fragment of Indian history. For, as Mrs. Diver says in an author's note: "In attempting this portrait of a great man's wife, I have aimed also at recreating the whole stormy period in which Henry and Honoria Lawrence courageously lived and worked together; at giving some idea of what life in India meant for an Englishwoman who followed her husband's fortunes in those distant days when British India was a mere fragment of the Great Peninsula." How nearly Honoria missed ever seeing India at all may be gauged by the fact that nine years elapsed between her first meeting with Henry and her marriage to him, and that during that period, while he was in India, she sufficiently despaired of her future as to become engaged to "one Briggs, of whom nothing is told but his clerical profession and plebian name." Discovering, however, that she could not accept the second best, she broke the engagement, schooling herself to "give up love and take to learning." Then came the letter from Henry in India asking her to be his wife; and on April 3rd, 1837, she started on the four-months' voyage to India to begin the sixteen years of married life with him who was "a leader of Asiatics unrivalled in his day, loved and honoured far beyond his day."

It is a story of hardship and achievement, "of much rough going and chasms of separation," of self-sacrifice and love. A great part of it is recorded in Honoria's letters and journals—journals which "embalm a vanished day." But though the day is vanished, most of the problems Honoria had to face remain. "While Lawrence contended with refractory Sikhs, Honoria—in her Himalayan cottage—was fighting her own lesser battles with a headstrong, four-year-old son." The methods she used may not pass muster to-day; but in those days, it seems, she was ahead of most young wives in her theory and practice of motherhood.

This is an enthralling biography. It is also a work of considerable historical interest and a worthy monument to the wife of the man who "tried to do his duty."

ANYONE desiring to read a two-hundred-and-fifty page account of the Great War, cannot do better than turn to *The War in Outline*, by Captain Liddell Hart (Faber and Faber; 5*s*.). The author is in the front rank of military historians, and whatever he writes on the war must carry weight. In addition to his outline, which gives a clear, straight-forward account of the course of events, and of the causes of success and failure, he has written a brief but illuminating preface in which he sets down some conclusions based on the experience of the war. He shows that in modern times when a major war affects the whole of the national life and every class of citizen, the solution of the problems involved "depends on wide knowledge, broad outlook and depth of thought"—qualities by no means the preserve of the higher military command. The war revealed possibilities and difficulties hardly contemplated by the professional mind. "Thus all were amateurs . . . from the moment when the opening moves broke down."

In other words, the high military command must not repeat the mistake of imagining that in wartime they are merely "professionals in the larger sphere." They must be ready—readier than they were in the last war—to take counsel with anyone and everyone whose knowledge or experience can help to overcome the difficulties into which the nation will be plunged.

John Buchan

The Lord Tweedsmuir of the Governor-Generalship of Canada has given way to the John Buchan of "Greenmantle" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps" in producing the latest Dick Hannay novel—"The Island of Sheep." But Hannay is growing old, and a good deal of the fascinating plot devolves on his son and on Haraldsen's son Valdemar. These young men carry on the fine tradition of Buchan's books with complete success

IT was only to be expected that when General Sir Richard Hannay felt himself growing old and soft and slack, something would turn up to shake him from his sloth. But I doubt if even Dick Hannay would have been quite so quick off the mark could he have foreseen all that was to befall him—and Peter John, his son—on *The Island of Sheep*, by John Buchan (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s*. 6*d*.). Way back towards the beginning of the century, Hannay and Peter Pienaar and Lombard had sworn an oath to Old Haraldsen, the dreamer of the Norland Isles, that if ever he called them they would come to his help, and, for the matter of that, to his son's help too; for this particular vendetta might not end with Haraldsen's life. And, sure enough, the call came long after they had forgotten all about their oath, and Peter Pienaar had already entered Valhalla, and old Haraldsen had joined him. It was young Valdemar Haraldsen who recalled them to a sense of duty and adventure. The gang they were up against were "very active citizens," ranging from stolid respectability down to the dirtiest type of criminal. It seemed they were after young Haraldsen's fortune: but whatever their claims were, the welcome they got—staged mainly by Sandy Clanroyden—was more than they had bargained for.

I confess to being slightly disappointed in *The Island of Sheep*—perhaps because I expected too much from a Hannay story. Events in the background are portentously hinted at rather than described, and while I quite enjoyed the book, I was never really gripped.

THERE is not one likeable character in Miss Joanna Cannan's *Frightened Angels* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.). The women are vague shadows; the men, although more crisply drawn, are unpleasant types, hypocrites, self-seekers, or neurotic weaklings. And no one shows the slightest sense of humour. Yet the book held me to its thrilling end. It begins quietly enough. John Marlow is a master in a third-rate boys' school, and is a complete failure at his job. He loathes most of his colleagues, particularly Attenborough, one of the hearty, sporting kind, "who got his ideals from Arnold of Rugby and C. B. Fry." John falls in love with Mrs. Attenborough and the husband discovers them in flagranti delicto. Attenborough won't hear of a divorce; he prefers to ruin John by exposing him to the Head. But John has a sister with an idiot child dependant upon him, and if his livelihood is taken away they will all of them starve. So when Attenborough remains adamant, John, with a courage born of drinking whisky, kills him with a cricket-bat. After the murder the book gets into its stride, and becomes a first-rate study of the psychology of a murderer who gets away with it in spite of himself.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Philip Harben

There are many occasions when a woman longs for an informal frock which she can change into after a tiring day, and wear for the rest of the evening, regardless of whether she has friends coming to dinner or not. To meet this need, Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are showing some charming models including the one on the right, which is carried out in black and white crêpe de Chine, patterned with huge chrysanthemums. It is skilfully draped with a cape scarf which covers the shoulders, forming angel sleeves. The graceful skirt clears the ground save for a slight train, while a splash of Chinese red at the waist provides a finishing touch. This frock is also made in plain colours, and costs nine and a half guineas

Lenare

Poise and Personality

Many women are born with a strong personality—others acquire it with care and experience. In the same way, some are endowed with a natural "poise," while others seek to cultivate it. The latter is frequently the case with a young debutante who has just completed her education, and is launched into Society. If she lacks self-confidence, she should aim first of all at a "soignée" appearance, as this will help more than anything to dispel any sense of shyness. At Yardley's, 33, Old Bond Street, she can obtain expert advice and treatment for her complexion, also guidance in the choice of perfumes. The lovable fragrance of Yardley's Lavender cannot fail to enhance her natural charm and individuality, as it is such a cool, exhilarating perfume, delightful for informal occasions, and perfect for outdoor sports. Light and sparkling, it seems to promote a feeling of "joie de vivre." Orchis, on the other hand, is Yardley's sophisticated perfume for the evening. It is rich and glamorous, with a haunting fragrance which never grows stale, but lingers like a memory. A few drops behind the ears, on the nape of the neck, and over the hair will add greatly to the wearer's attraction

NOVELTIES

discovered by Peta; pictured by Pam

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF

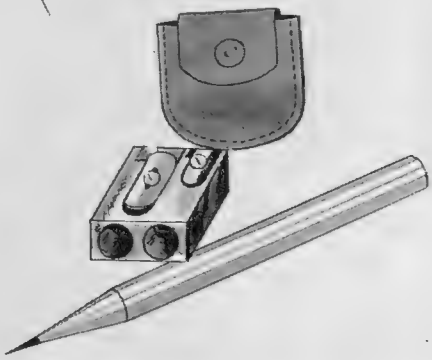
Lovely gifts are always to be found at the Artistic Venetian Glass Company, 63, Wigmore Street. On the left is a glass lamp stand, tinted smoke colour, and shaped like a magnolia. Below is a crystal sherry set consisting of eight square cut tumblers and a decanter, each one engraved with black and white terriers

This charming hat in feathers and velvet is a forerunner of the Autumn fashions to be shown daily at 3 p.m. at the Mannequin Parades at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, from Tuesday, August 11th, to Friday, August 14th. Admission tickets will be sent free on request, but it is essential to write or ring up, as seating accommodation is limited

The neat "Powderflirt" sketched on the left, is a new type of puff which is washable and almost everlasting. It is made of a special sponge rubber and is delightfully soothing and hygienic

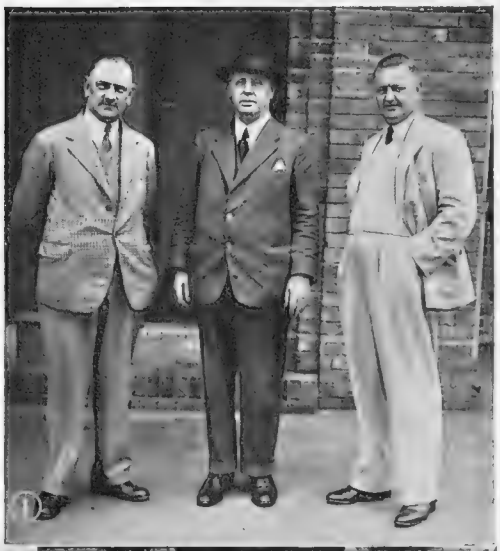
A collapsible back rest in wood and canvas is invaluable when sitting in the garden or picnicking on the beach. Not only is it very comfortable, but it rolls up for carrying and costs 7s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove

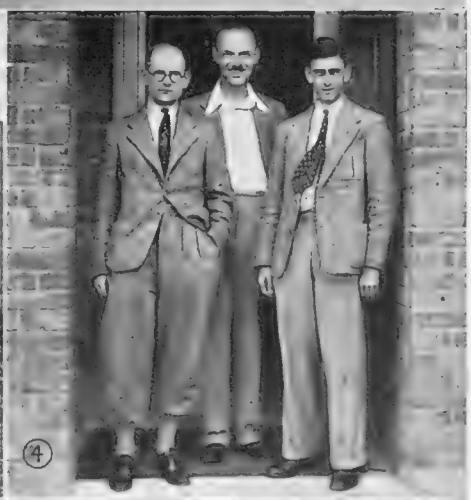
Below is a twin-blade precision sharpener with a rotary movement. Just insert the pencil and turn. The smaller blade will sharpen the point without breaking it, and when not in use there is a morocco case



Golf Clubs at Home:

Dunstable Downs





(1) S. B. Dunham (captain), A. L. Arnold (president) and T. Moore (hon. secretary). (2) J. N. Facer, W. T. Mead and R. Gregory (committee members). (3) H. Brandon (hon. treasurer), F. C. Ellingham (vice-president) and J. Harnaman (ex-captain). (4) J. Tompkins, E. R. Arnold and P. T. Woods. (5) C. H. Noble, E. H. Muller and H. Sale. (6) S. T. Mander and L. W. Headey. (7) A. W. Logan, F. Richardson and L. V. Baker (professional). (8) C. W. P. Waller and S. C. Funge. (9) Gilbert Shrive and S. W. Watson

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The German Amateur Champion

An English Golf Union Galaxy

Woodhall Spa Golf Club invited members of the E.G.U. and county secretaries for a week-end's golf in Lincolnshire, where this group was taken: (standing) Colonel C. A. James (Carlisle), Colonel S. V. Hotchkin (Woodhall Spa), Mr. J. M. Robison (Woodhall Spa), Major Whitley Lavarack, secretary E.G.U., Mr. R. H. de Montmorency (Sunningdale), vice-president E.G.U., Mr. F. A. M. Vincent (Moor Park), Mr. T. M. Wheat, secretary Lincs. Union. (Seated) Mr. W. M. B. Burridge (Chippenham), Mr. K. Stoker (Royal Liverpool), Major P. C. Burton (Brookman's Park), president E.G.U., Mr. A. Gordon Jones (Beaudesert), Mr. A. R. Lovelock (Moor Park). (Front) Mr. E. Elias (Staffs), captain, Mr. H. M. Wardrop, secretary Woodhall Spa Golf Club

I was pleased to read of Henry Longhurst's success in the German Amateur Championship, which was played this year over the course of the Country Club at Berlin-Wannsee. No one except Englishmen and Scotsmen has won this Championship since the war. The first German Amateur Championship was played in 1913 and owing to the war the next was not played until 1927. Scotsmen were victorious from 1927 to 1931, since when it has always been won by Englishmen.

Longhurst won very easily, as can be seen from the fact that in the majority of his matches he was not required to play the last six holes. As Longhurst reports golf for an evening paper, it is nearly impossible for him to play in golf meetings about which he has to write. If you write for a morning paper it is quite possible, if you are an energetic person, to play as well as write; but you will find it nearly impossible, if your reports have to appear in the various editions of an evening paper. Consequently, Longhurst gets little time for playing the game but he is a great student of it and well versed in all the different theories which are propounded by the professionals. It is, therefore, greatly to his credit that he can make periodical appearances on the golf-course, with little practice, and hold his own with the leading players who are in practice.

Longhurst calls himself an average golfer, but I am sure that he is very much better than that and I have little doubt if he had more time to play and practise he would be very near the top of the lists of the competitors in the more important competitions. As a foursome partner, he can be relied upon always to do something which many reputed better golfers do not regularly do—namely, to play the average shot in a crisis, when everything depends on it and when only an average shot is required for victory. So many golfers, including some of our leading amateurs, when they are faced with a critical shot on the result of which depends the fate of their side, play an extremely bad one when an average or reasonably good one would make victory certain.

Longhurst says that by copying Cotton and curtailing his back-swing he has improved his golf by about three shots a round, and I do hope he is telling the truth, as he has been my partner for the last few years in the Halford Hewitt Cup competition and may be again, if I am not removed from the selection committee of the Old Carthusian team. In the Halford Hewitt Cup competition this year I felt sure he must be an improved player, as he wished to drive at the even holes.

It is rather an extraordinary thing that at Deal, if in a foursome you drive at the odd holes, you seldom—provided your partner plays to about 4 handicap L.G.U.—get anything but a straightforward shot to play. But if you drive the even holes you are continually faced with very difficult second shots and have to play the tee shots at all the short holes. There is, however, one great disadvantage in driving at the odd holes at Deal: it is that you have a long walk to the first tee, and in the afternoon you have to bolt your coffee while your partner can sit comfortably in the club-house and enjoy a second cup of coffee, if he so desires, until you have actually driven.

The month of August is a most unsuitable time for the playing of the game of golf unless you are fortunate enough to be on holiday at the seaside, where there is nearly always a slight breeze. At this time of year it is usually too hot to play on inland courses, and whenever you visit long grass or heather you disturb large numbers of flies and insects which, as a rule, appear to be extremely hungry. You could, however, formerly get a lot of fun at this time of year, and some interesting golf, by playing in the Continental championships. This year, however, both the German and Belgian Championships were played in July, and unfortunately for those who wished to play in the various Continental championships, the French and German clashed.

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society is holding a dinner on October 8th at the Savoy Hotel, London. The idea of this dinner, which is excellent, is to entertain and return hospitality to representatives of the many clubs who have so generously entertained this Society in the past. The clubs which have been asked to send representatives include most of the leading clubs in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and among them are four of the five clubs on whose courses the Amateur and the Open Championships are regularly played. It is not only, however, the famous clubs of substance who have entertained the Society: in the list can be found the names of small clubs whose members have shown just as generous hospitality as the members of more prosperous and influential clubs.

Since the war, the Society has supplied the winners of six of the seventeen amateur championships which have been played; this is certainly a very good record when you realise that this championship has been won on four occasions by Americans. As members of the Society are permitted to bring guests in addition to the official guests it appears certain that a very large majority of the best and most distinguished people in the golfing world will be present.

On the Le Touquet Course

Mr. John Lithiby beat Mr. Charles Sweeny after a close match in the Clive Burn tournament first round at Le Touquet; there was £1300 in the pool

Waiting for the Ceremony to Begin

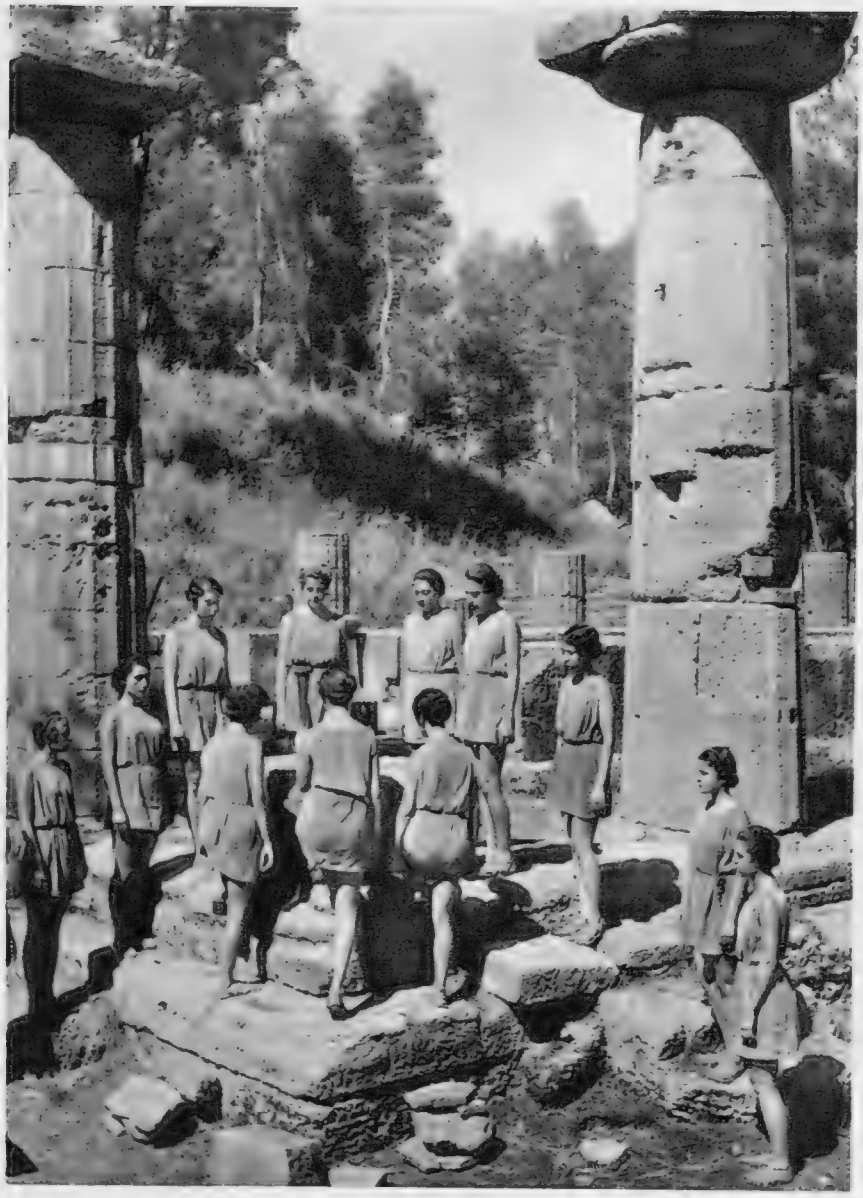
Grecian Girls Danced Silently While the Fire Kindled

Below: *Carrying the Sacred Fire to the Temple of Zeus*

The Sacred Fire, which now burns on the altar in the Stadium outside Berlin, was kindled two weeks ago at Olympia, in Greece. Grecian girls, dressed in the classical chiton, danced silently round the concave mirror through which the rays of the early morning sun were focussed to kindle the fire. Then they carried the fire, still silently, from the Sacred Grove, along the Sacred Way to the altar, at which later in the day the Torch itself was lit. Constantine Kondylis was the first runner; at noon he took an oath to keep the laws of the Olympiad, received the Torch from one of the attendant girls, and started off on the first kilometre stage of the journey. Handed from runner to runner every kilometre, the Torch travelled from Corinth to Athens, from Athens to the Bulgarian frontier, and across Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Germany to Berlin—a distance of over eighteen hundred miles. Ten thousand spectators watched the first ceremony of the eleventh Olympiad in Greece; more than a hundred thousand were expected to see Hitler open the Games in Germany

Grecian Prelude to the Olympic Games

The Lighting of the Torch in the Temple of Zeus



The Altar in the Ruined Temple

Below: Constantine Kondylis, First Torch-bearer

Below: The Start of the Torch's Journey from Corinth to Berlin

Winners and Runners-Up of the Women's County Lawn Tennis Championships

The Surrey team which won the County Championship for the seventeenth time in all (their last win was in '33): Miss Evelyn Dearman, Mrs. Covell (captain), Mrs. King, Miss Mary Whitmarsh, Mrs. Betty Uber, and Mrs. Sybil Edwards

Middlesex lost to Surrey after a very fine semi-final by six matches to three. The team is: Miss Alex McOstrich, Miss Pat O'Connell, Mrs. Burr (captain), Miss Nancy Lyle, Mrs. Law, and Miss Jean Saunders

The End of Hammond's Fine Innings

The first innings in the drawn All-India Test at Old Trafford were remarkable only for mediocre cricket until Hammond came in and knocked up a hundred in as many minutes. He was bowled at 167 by C. K. Nayudu

Pheidippides Goes Concrete

Right: these figures of running youths and (in background) maidens ornament the Pariser Platz in Berlin—part of a lavish scheme of decoration for the Games; even the limes in Unter den Linden have given way to flagpoles

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I WRITE this wearily, let me admit, after a day's watching and reporting and broadcasting at Old Trafford, where the second Test match is producing a spate of runs. Not only that. There has been talk—good talk—conversation, if you like it better; the sort of delving into a rich past which only cricket induces.

I feel as if I were surrounded by the ghosts of great cricketers: I think wistfully of the days when an England team included six batsmen in Hammond's class. Do not let me abuse confidence or betray the source of these opinions, but to-night it has been emphatically said that the modern cricketer is thoughtless and unobservant. He may watch Hammond, but he does not imitate him. He does not remark the co-ordination of body and feet in stroke production which is Hammond's secret.

AND Hammond on Saturday took us back to the spacious days of cricket. There is about his batting an infinite charm which does not proceed only from the solid perfection of his technique. Personality, maybe—the indefinable quality which marks the great man in any sphere of life.

Let us be grateful, then, that the real Hammond, the master, has returned to us. Let us resolve to study him, and profit. Let us also, and with even greater assiduity, join in hurling anathemas at the doped wicket.

THE wicket at Manchester has been fantastic, so easy, so innocuous, so utterly unhelpful to the bowlers that a blind man with a tooth-pick should be able to make runs on it. They tell me that marl is no longer used, and that only the roller has been applied, but this only shows how persistent are the effects of artificial preparation. The evil that men do lives after them, and the Old Trafford wicket is an affront to the art of bowling.

This is a matter of some consequence. We hear a great deal about the decline of modern cricket, the dullness of it, and much

Mrs. Brownlow Aboard Sapphire

Twenty Greyhounds Went by Air—

—Seventeen to race and three to look on. The three were veterans Bonzo, Duveneck, and Penny Bun, who helped to start greyhound racing in this country ten years ago. All twenty were flown from London to Manchester for the celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the sport

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow is the owner of the 32-ft. yacht Sapphire and—unusual for a woman—is Commodore of the Lymington Y. C. Lymington is one of many clubs forced to postpone and re-postpone regattas this year because of the poor weather

Mme. Munier and Mlle. Tollon

Mme. P. Munier was runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship of Belgium, played round the new course at the Royal Zoute Club, and Mlle. Francine Tollon, French close champion, was the winner. Mlle. Tollon was on great form throughout, beating last year's winner, Mlle. Toussaint, after a close semi-final

of this may be ascribed to the fact that bowlers are given no encouragement to exercise their craft on these marled surfaces, while batsmen are able to present a passive bat to the ball which comes through without bite or viciousness.

The authorities are aware of this trouble, but it persists. We must go back to natural wickets, and then bowling and batting will come into their own again.

I WISH it were possible to be definite about the England team for Australia. Perhaps by the time you read this pronouncements will have been made. Solemn meetings have been held in the pavilion at Old Trafford. This cricketer and that has been discussed. Where are our opening batsmen, says authority? Where are our slip fieldsmen? How difficult it all is! The nucleus, the middle portion of the team, is sound, but the important extremities are doubtful and uncertain.

One thing is clear. G. O. Allen has confounded his critics. I admit that I thought it would be difficult for him to combine captaincy with the strain of opening the England bowling. But his energy and enthusiasm, his flair for leadership, his willingness to experiment, his courage—these qualities are obvious. He will be popular with the team, I am sure of that. He will get the best out of his men. He will be a good captain off the field as well as on the field, and that is important. This, at any rate, is satisfactory.

THE Davis Cup has turned out equally satisfactorily. Despite the damping effects of a season which mocks an editor of Summer Sport, the enthusiasm after Perry's victory was loud and justified. It made Great Britain champion nation for the fourth year in succession, and brightens hopes that have been dim since thirty years ago, when the Dohertys reigned on the courts. After a telephone talk with my expert observer—before the great final—I gathered that so far he had been chiefly impressed by the power of Perry's fore-hand, which settled his match against Quist, and the strange weakening of Crawford against Austin.

There is nothing fresh in this observation about Perry's fore-hand—the fact that this weapon has carried him to the championship is a commonplace. In his manner of playing it, however, there is always fresh wonder, and while he retains it he will be the master. It faltered for a while in his game with Quist, and he slipped back. He regained it, and with it, victory.

As for Crawford, how incalculable a player he is! At first he outshone Austin entirely, and then he blew up. What was the reason? Nerves? Weariness? Some odd sort of hoodoo? Staleness, I fancy, of the most insidious kind—overstrain for a long period—reserves gone—nothing to fall back upon in moments of pressure.

I CANNOT imagine why more great players of various games do not fail in the same way. Modern sport makes such demands upon the stars, and they cannot stand the pace for ever. The trouble is that they will not rest. They drive themselves beyond repair. R. E. S. Wyatt, the cricketer, a great player indeed, is a case in point. He is, to my mind, utterly stale. He needs to go where he will never see a cricket-bat or hear cricket mentioned—to Icelamd, let us say. In the meanwhile, can our selectors gamble and take him to Australia?

WELL, there it is. I am now flying, literally, from these weighty problems to Berlin, where doubtless I shall encounter others equally formidable. But I will tell you all about them—the sacred flame carried from Olympia, the gay streets of the great city, the Olympic village, the odd little incidents which are often so much more amusing and illuminating than the great affairs themselves. But I will put in a word or two about the athletics—I may even record a British victory or two, and I promise to make some unseemly noise about them.

Charity Golf at Moor Park for the Children's Country Homes Holiday Fund

The Countess of Brecknock was the organiser of the recent competition at Moor Park, held in aid of the Children's Country Homes Holiday Fund, which included players from scratch class to double handicaps. With Lady Brecknock is Miss Barnes Gorrell

Miss Pamela Schreiber and Mrs. Ririd Middleton strode unflinchingly towards the Moor Park photographer. There was a medal round in the morning and foursomes after lunch

"That's the part I hit with," Mrs. Idina Mills may have been saying to Miss Isabella Rieben. They are both championship standard players but couldn't beat victorious Lady Knollys and the Hon. Esmé Glyn in the afternoon foursomes

Play Golf and See the World

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

MY mind this week positively reels with the amount of foreign travel which is offered to the enterprising golfer with a well-filled purse nowadays. There is the Rhineland golf tour, which is to culminate in arrival at Berlin for the Olympic Games; there is also the golfing trip through Austria. Both itineraries look delightful and comprehensive, for they include such side-shows as the said Olympiad, and the musical festival at Salzburg respectively, with any amount of scenery and sight-seeing as well.

NO doubt intending wanderers will take courage, too, from the pleasing fact that 1936 seems a lucky year for our golfers on the Continent. Miss Jessie Anderson having won the French, Miss Diana Fishwick proceeds to win the German, thus going one better than Miss Joan Pemberton, last year's runner-up in our own Girls', who was runner-up last month in the German Girls' Championship. Since she did not manage to win over there, we shall be doubly anxious to see her conqueror over here in return, and she may be quite sure of a warm welcome. In the meantime, we have one overseas girls' entrant from very far away, to whit, Daphne Martyn, from Port Elizabeth, South Africa. That is the club that Miss Betty Frost came from two years ago, which is an excellent introduction, for everybody admired Miss Frost's tremendous good sportsmanship and the splendid way she took an unexpected beating.

I HAVE wandered away from my rightful theme—Miss Fishwick's success in Germany. Wannsee is not one of the courses I have the pleasure of knowing personally, but since it is the home club of Frau Zahn, and nowadays of that big Yorkshire hitter, Miss Gillian Rudgard, it is unlikely to be short or anything, but an excellent test of good women golfers. Accordingly, we may take it that Miss Fishwick was playing very good golf indeed, the sort that makes one feel she would have been an added strength to the British side for both Curtis and Vagliano Cups. Keeping close down to an average of fours sounds distinguished enough for anybody anywhere; three consecutive 3's at the 5th, 6th, and 7th in the morning were really devastating, and it was not surprising that she should, in consequence, lunch 4 up. Then she went away with a run, and finished off with a 2 at the 27th, and yet another birdie at the 28th, to win 10 and 8; exactly the same margin as Mr. Henry Longhurst had won by in the Men's Championship also over the Wannsee course the same day. Miss Rudgard is one of those golfers who seems condemned to be runner-up; Yorkshire or Germany, it is the same story. Luck will turn some day, and then she will be Champion of Germany, if not German Champion, although some of the Press would hail her as Fräulein this year.

THERE were doubtless a goodly number of distinguished golfers concealed in the vast crowd that went to see the Duchess of York lay the foundation-stone of the new Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for children at Banstead Wood, for it is in the Shadwell forerunner of that hospital that the Golfers' Cot is to be found. The counties of the South-Eastern Division of county golf, you remember, play for a cup which rewards the best net score, relative to the par of the green, returned at any of their county meetings in the year. Sixpence is the modest entry fee, and these—such being the number of golfers in the Home Counties—amount to enough when totalled to maintain the Golfers' Cot in the hospital at Shadwell, which means £50 a year. In fact, the sixpences have been sufficient for a reserve fund to be put by and invested, and when the Banstead Wood part of the hospital asks for it, that reserve fund, amounting to £250, will be handed over for the "building" of a cot there.

IT is not very far from Banstead Downs Golf Club—at all events, that was a convenient enough rendezvous for some of the golfers who wended their way to the ceremony through the deluge. My word, how it did rain! One could only be duly thankful not to be out on the downs, Banstead or other-where, trying to hit a golf ball or report how somebody else did.

ALL the same, golf is a very pleasant game just now; the ball runs far enough to flatter one's length, yet the generous growth of grass makes for easy approaching. My next round seems likely to be played at West Sussex, one of the best courses and the most pleasant in the county, and after that, you shall hear something of the delightful new competition they are going to hold the first week in September—fathers and daughters knock-out handicap tournament, on the same lines as the fathers and sons which always enlivens the Spring at West Hill.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

SS

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Handicaps

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Recess or
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MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO LTD

Captain of Britain's athletic team for the Olympic Games in Germany: Flying Officer D. O. Finlay, R.A.F., is stationed at Hornchurch and flies a Hawker Fury

The Wings Over Europe

By Charles Ward

l'Entente Aérienne

SIR PHILIP SASSOON coined a happy phrase at the dinner to our guests from foreign parts. He referred to l'Entente Aérienne between all those who travelled by air, whether as pilots or passengers. Flying provides a better opportunity for that understanding between peoples and nations than had been possible in the past. The barriers of frontiers and Customs, the difficulties and fatigues of travel and the time it took to proceed quite a short distance kept people at home and therefore insular in their outlook. Increased facilities for air touring, whether by private 'plane or by regular liners, will tend to make it so popular that, in the end, almost everyone will fly. Friendship between nations can be secured only through getting to know each other. That there is a very serious risk of war in Europe was emphasised by Colonel Lindbergh when speaking as a guest at the Air Ministry in Berlin. His vision of bomb raids that would destroy in a few days a civilisation that could never be replaced is a true one, if we accept the air weapon as one against which there is no complete defence. Retaliation—a similar attack on the enemy's country—is the only answer.

Finding the Way in the Air

THE aids to safe flying both by day and by night multiply each year, but not fast enough to keep pace with the number of journeys that are made. Also there is nothing to prevent private pilots setting out on hazardous flights without proper training or instruments. A crash in bad weather brings flying into disrepute and makes those who stay on the ground think it is more dangerous than is the case. There have been several crashes this year in hilly country. Pilots unskilled in cloud-flying and not equipped with wireless have set out on cross-country trips which involved crossing high ground obscured by mist or low clouds. Even in bright sunshine there are not nearly enough aids to guide the airman. The Mollisons got "lost" a little while ago when trying to find Ternhill, which was a well-known aerodrome during the last war. One county looks very much like another, and there is such a bewildering network of roads and railways in England that some system of conspicuous signs is needed so that navigation can be checked during and towards the end of any flight. That excellent scheme for painting names on the tops of gas-holders and railway stations might very well be extended.

The Higher the Fewer

THE R.A.F. is to make a further attempt to reach the stratosphere, the mysterious void that exists above the air we breathe. At Filton, near Bristol, a 'plane is being

(*Concluded on page* ii)

THE BEST PERFORMANCE DEMANDS THE BEST BP PETROL

To get the best out of your car you must put the best into it. If you want trouble-free running remember that Captain Eyston has just broken a World's Record, covering 6,544 miles in 48 hours—a distance equal to many a motorist's annual mileage—at the average speed of 136 miles an hour. For this severe test Captain Eyston used "BP" Ethyl, precisely as you get it from the pump, with no additions or alterations whatever—proof that it enables you to get the best out of your car.

BP ETHYL

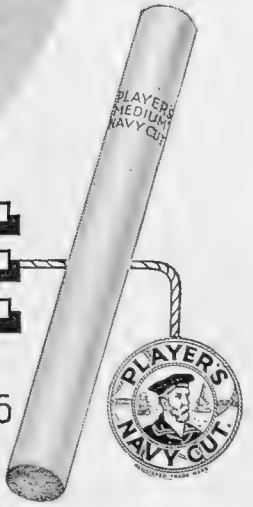
BANISHES PINKING

AT ALL EVENTS . . .

At fashionable gatherings everywhere, Player's are always in a majority. Consistent excellence and quality are bound to tell, besides "Its the Tobacco that Counts."

COWES WEEK

PLAYER'S PLEASE



PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 10 for 6° 20 for 11½° 50 for 2/5

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

N.C.C.347

The Wings Over Europe

(Continued from page 262)

prepared which it is expected will fly to 50,000 feet. At present Italy holds the record at 47,386 feet during a flight made by Donati in 1934. Two years previously, Cyril Uwins, test pilot for Bristols, secured the record, so that it would be very fair if it could be regained by the same concern. Double super-chargers are to be used on the flight, but the pilot will not be enclosed in a hermetically-sealed cabin. There is a great deal to be gained by really high flight. The resistance to movement is almost infinitesimal compared to that near the ground. For the sinister arts of war or for the peaceful airways of commerce, the stratosphere 's the thing, but it will be some years yet before it is practical. The Gloster " Gladiator," a new R.A.F. type coming into service for defensive patrols, has a ceiling of 35,000 feet or more—an altitude well above that of any bomber and, of course, out of range of any anti-aircraft gun.

" Batts " Page, chief demonstration pilot and salesman for Airwork of Heston, has sold a Hornet Moth to Prince Chirasakti of Siam. On the right is the ex-King of Siam, who has also been learning to fly at Heston

Airway News

BRITISH AIRWAYS and British Continentals have pooled their resources. Thus ends a period of competition, wasteful to both parties, on the route to Scandinavia, and brings into being a powerful group for the development of our civil air routes elsewhere. Within the British Isles the new company will compete in some respects with Railway Air Services, but outside there is plenty of air space without encroaching on Imperial Airways' preserves. On the route to South America, for instance, our prestige is precisely nil, for there has been no attempt to link us with the vast continent in which so much British capital is invested. Air France celebrated its one hundredth South Atlantic crossing in each direction the other day. We have a long apprenticeship ahead, in spite of several lone efforts like those of the late Bert Hinkler and recent trips by James Mollison and Jean Batten. The de Havilland super-Comet with four super-Gipsys is a likely 'plane for the route, if we rule out the possibility of buying any flying boats owing to Government orders and those for the Imperial routes. Yet another shipping company is altering its Articles of Association, so that it may operate air services. This time it is the Union Castle, one of the most conservative groups in the past. Ten years ago, the Union Castle could have secured a monopoly on the African route, supplementing its steamer sailings with flights from the Cape to Cairo. This was actually put up to Lord Kylsant when he was head of the Company, but his reply to Sir Alan Cobham was discouraging: " Your aeroplanes will never carry my mails." There is a need for a West African service, the first half of which would form the British route to South America. No doubt the Union Castle has its eye on this possibility, and there is no reason why the line should not be operated with flying-boats, using the ports and the organisation which the shipping company can provide without further expense. The Rome Air Rapide, flown by K.L.M. in conjunction with the German and Italian companies, takes 8½ hours from London via Frankfurt and Milan. The " Douglas " liners are used for the evening service by Royal Dutch to Cologne. There is an hour and a-half for dinner at Schiphol, Cologne being reached at 12.30 a.m. The merger between the two British companies mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph will entail some adjustments with the Dutch on the route to Sweden.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The repertoire is enormous, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, Massine and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the forty-second season: Queen's Hall, 8.

SAT., 8TH: Lisa Perli, Arthur Fear, Antonio Brosa.

MON., 10TH: Eva Turner, Arthur Carron (Wagner Concert).

TUES., 11TH: William Primrose (William Walton Concert).

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7 (till Sat., 8th).

NAVY WEEK.—The Senior Service at home at Plymouth, Portsmouth and Chatham: (till Sat., 8th).

TIDWORTH TATTOO.—Officially the Southern Command Tattoo: Tidworth, near Salisbury (till Sat., 8th).

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.—For those who are lucky and brave enough to cross the Irish Sea: (till Sat., 8th).

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 5TH: Cowes Regatta (till Sat., 8th); Kent v. Lancs., Canterbury; Brighton Races (two days); Bournemouth Open tennis tournament (till Sat., 8th).

MON., 10TH: Folkestone Races (two days).

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—No cabaret, but probably August dancing to Lew Stone's band: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Same as above, but the band is John Stevens' Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

FLORIDA CLUB—This remains open during August, and evening dress is optional; Nina Mae McKinney sings at 2 a.m.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Restaurant is open for food only.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folie de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Cabaret and band have an August holiday, but you can still eat here.

SAN MARCO.—Nina Mae McKinney has a nice way of singing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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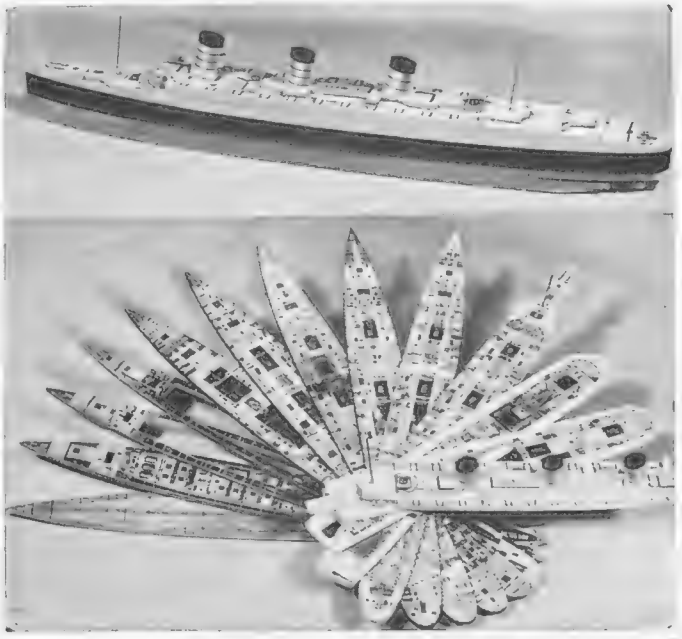

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Cars With a Personality

The 4¼-Litre Bentley : By The Earl of Cardigan

ANYONE who has driven the 3½-litre Bentley will be sure to ask—of the 4¼-litre model—whether it is really and substantially a better motor-car. The answer is, I think, that if you just want to cruise along pleasantly fast, there is not a great deal in it. If, on the other hand, you have a keen appreciation of power and speed, then the "4¼" will give you perceptibly greater enjoyment. That is what it is meant to do—and that is what it does.

WITHOUT any question, the 4¼-litre Bentley takes its place among the really fine sports cars of the world.

In outward appearance, the 4¼-litre Bentley is not dissimilar to the familiar "3½ litre." It has the same attractive and well-balanced lines. Note how the questionable modern tendency to push the radiator forward has been resisted

Left: Another view of the Bentley shows its impressive frontal appearance, and also its low build. In spite of the latter feature, passengers may enjoy ample head-room

It has brilliant acceleration—much more rapid, indeed, than the driver will realise until he becomes well acquainted with his car. The familiar Bentley qualities of smoothness and silence have been so well maintained that there is never anything aggressive in the manner in which speed is gained. It is only when, in overtaking, one sees some other car being almost literally "left standing," that one appreciates what sort of performance the 4¼ is giving!

IN the matter of speed, I am not going to pretend that I ever ran this car absolutely flat out. I did touch 90 m.p.h., and that quite easily, so that I should imagine the maximum to be not less than 95 m.p.h. Very high speed is attainable also in third gear. I was able to record close on 80 m.p.h. before changing into top.

The gearbox has, of course, four speeds, of which the two highest are synchromesh ratios. Second gear is of the normal type, but is easy enough to engage when once one has got used to it. The lever is on the driver's right, where it is quite handy, except inasmuch as it somewhat obstructs the offside door.

The steering is excellent, for it combines the two essentials of being light in action, while having a firm and accurate self-centering effect. The springing is highly efficient, and may be controlled by the driver through the shock absorber mechanism. Thus it can be instantly adjusted and graduated to suit varying road conditions.

IT is obvious that the brakes require to be very powerful—and they are so. Like all the controls, they can be used with certainty and confidence. The wheels are shod with India tyres, which are designed to give a more than ordinarily firm grip on the road. The Bentley, so equipped, does indeed hold the road exceptionally well. This is another factor which enables the driver, even over indifferent surfaces, to maintain a wonderfully high average speed.

The saloon coachwork is extremely comfortable. While being compact rather than spacious, it allows ample room and luxurious seating to all the occupants. The complete car, very generously equipped, is listed at £1,510.

The back seat is very comfortable, and is luxuriously upholstered. There is sufficient, if not generous, leg-room—leaving space behind the seat for a commodious luggage locker

Left: The instrument board is neatly laid out, and its equipment is very complete. Below the boss of the steering wheel may be seen the small lever by which the action of the shock-absorbers is controlled

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 5 — August 11

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Margaretta Scott as Rosalind, Gyles Isham as Orlando, Baliol Holloway as Jacques, and Leslie French as Touchstone; also Jane Cain: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (from Mon., 10th).

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Marjorie Mars and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Leslie French as Puck, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Oberon, Margaretta Scott as Hermia, Baliol Holloway as Bottom, and Greta Gynt (Norwegian) leading the ballet: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30 (till Sat., 8th).

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI.—Abraham Sofaer acts magnificently as the Jewish professor in this challenging play: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and Ion Swinley the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Victoria Hopper in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 79.—Will be filmed for circulation through the country, but we can see it in the flesh; Meggie Eaton, Mollie Hallewell and Ann Matthew entertain; Ken Douglas gives humour; and Old Ladies, a Rainbow ballet and "Joan of Arc" tableau all contribute: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30 non-stop.

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SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Irene Browne in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"Mrs." Walden and "Mrs." West

"The Old Ladies of Threadneedle Street" is one of the most popular items in Revudeville at the Windmill; Tom Walden is now Stanley West's partner, and keeps up the tradition of ribald and shrewd comment on affairs of the day. The Old Ladies are in Revudeville No. Seventy-nine, which shows every day non-stop from 1.20 to 11.30

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Last three days of this Agatha Christie thriller, made gruesomely realistic by Frank Vosper and Marie Ney: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson, in the name-part, gets tied up in the many-scened plot through his interest in criminology; Aubrey Hammond designed the sets for this "psychological thriller": Haymarket, Thurs., 6th.

CINEMAS

CAPTAIN JANUARY (American).—Shirley Temple dominates the story dimplingly, with Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville as contrasts in the line of sea dogs: Regal.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES (American).—Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Ames, fighting a series of peppy court cases, but when a lawyer (George Brent) falls in love with her, all goes well; good suspense: Carlton.

ESCAPE ME NEVER (British).—Revival of the Elisabeth Bergner interpretation of Margaret Kennedy's novel: Academy. Also—

THE GHOST GOES WEST (British).—Robert Donat is the star and René Clair the director of the revival, and the combination is a great success of satirical humour: Academy.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (American).—Charles Laughton's historic success of the high seas comes west again: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OURSELVES ALONE (British).—Antoinette Cellier, John Lodge and John Loder figure in this grim and actionfull story of the Black and Tans: London Pavilion.

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS.—Follows the fashion, all takes place between sailing and docking of a trans-Atlantic liner; Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are the passengers who count: Plaza.

SAN FRANCISCO (American).—Music is incidental in this tough film of the Barbary Coast, with Jeanette MacDonald to sing it, Clark Gable opposite, and Spencer Tracy as the "people's priest"; an earthquake also takes part: Empire.

SEVEN SINNERS (British).—Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings track down a gun-running gang in a remarkably swift-moving and complicated sequence of scenes: New Gallery.

SHOW BOAT (American).—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (American).—The film maintains the style of the original Ouida novel, with fine desert shots and a strong cast—Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, Ronald Colman, and Victor McLaglen: Tivoli.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE (British).—A lightly turned interpretation of Mozart's life, with Stephen Haggard as the composer, Victoria Hopper as Constanz, and the L.P.O. under Beecham to play for her songs: Curzon.

(*Continued on page* ii)

AND we have the Best Show
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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Janet Pearson

Is engaged to Brevet-Major Ian Byrne, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. C. Byrne, of Elmira, Ribblesdale Road, N.8; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. George Pearson and Mrs. Hay, of Holdshatt House, Heckfield, Basingstoke

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Carter

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. G. V. Carter, of Waterson Manor, Dorchester; she is engaged to Basil Ringrose, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Ringrose, of Balderton, Newark

Kay Vaughan

Phoebette Swithinbank

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crossley Swithinbank, of Donnington Grove, Newbury; she is engaged to the Hon. Peter Mitchell-Thomson, only son of Lord Selsdon, of 20, Grosvenor Square, and Anne Lady Selsdon, of 203, Knightsbridge

Tunbridge

Ursula Kearsley

Is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Harvey Kearsley, of 45, Bryanston Square, W.1; she is engaged to Charles d'Anyers Willis, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late R. A. d'A. Willis, and the Hon. Mrs. d'A. Willis, of Halsnead, Prescot, Lancs

Lenare

Helen Trafford

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Lady Betty Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk; she is engaged to Lieut. Peter Fanshawe, R.N., eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Guy Fanshawe, of Dalveagh, Aberfoyle, Perthshire

Lenare

Isobel Alison Webster

Announces her engagement to Adam Cochrane, son of the late Hugh Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane, of Elmbank, Galashiels, Selkirkshire; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Webster, of 44, Lowndes Square, S.W.1

Lenare

Mary Elizabeth Wright

Is engaged to Henry Russell Ford, elder son of Sir Patrick Ford, Bt., and Lady Ford, of 7, Moray Place, Edinburgh; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wright, of Whiddon, Bovey Tracey, Devon

Bassano

Dorothy Ryland

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ryland, of Osmotherly, Blackwell, Worcs.; she is engaged to David Goodrick-Clarke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Goodrick-Clarke, of Shepherd's Croft, Alvechurch, Worcs.

Harrison — Clive

Geoffrey Wedgwood Harrison, Third Secretary at the British Embassy in Tokyo, married Amy Catherine Clive at St. Andrew's Church, Tokyo; she is the only daughter of Sir Robert Clive, British Ambassador in Tokyo, and the Hon. Lady Clive, of the British Embassy, Tokyo

Fayer of Vienna

Robarts — Grant

Anthony Robarts, second son of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Robarts, of Lillingston-Dayrell House, Buckingham, and Grizel Grant, daughter of Major-General Sir Philip and Lady Grant, of The Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants., were married at Brompton Oratory

Teacher — Macnaghten

Anthony Teacher, R.H.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Teacher, of Spittal-on-Rule, Hawick, and Awdry Macnaghten, third daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. F. B. Macnaghten, of Haygates, Finchhampstead, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Sutton — Gover

Robert Lexington Sutton, only son of Sir Arthur Sutton, Bt., and Lady Sutton, of Shanks, Wincanton, Somerset, and Gwladys Gover, only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. C. Gover, of St. Michael's Road, Bedford, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mackenzie-Grieve — Mackay

Commander John Mackenzie-Grieve, R.N., of Belfield House, Cupar, Fife, married Ursula Sutherland Mackay at St. Andrews, Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh; she is the younger daughter of the late W. A. Mackay and Mrs. Guthrie, of Bishop's Close, Barnton, Edinburgh

Chance — Martin Smith

Peter Chance, only son of the late Brigadier-General O. K. Chance and Mrs. Chance, of 23, Draycott Place, S.W.3, and Pamela Martin Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Martin Smith, of Codicote Lodge, Hitchin, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Argles — Newton-King

Gerald Argles, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Argles, of Sibson, Wansford, Peterborough, and Rhona Newton-King, daughter of the late Major A. C. Newton-King and Mrs. Newton-King, of Northam, North Devon, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Ruston — Gray

Ian Gathercole Ruston, only son of the late P. A. S. Ruston and Mrs. Ruston, of Aylesbury House, Chatteris, Cambs., and Thelma Gray, daughter of the late Alexander Gray, of Calcutta, and Mrs. Gray, of London, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Whitcombe — Garforth-Bles

The Rev. Guy Whitcombe, son of the late Bishop of Colchester and Mrs. Whitcombe, of Hardwicke, Ware, and Elizabeth Garforth-Bles, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Garforth-Bles, of Rutland House, W.8, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Kennaway — Lloyd

Roger C. L. Kennaway, of Swillbrook Farm, Minety, Wilts., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Kennaway, and Alethea Lloyd, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Lloyd, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos., were married at Shipton Moyne Church

Micklethwait — Bosanquet

Robert Gore Micklethwait, second son of Mr. and Mrs. St. J. Micklethwait, of 33, Lancaster Rd., Wimbledon, and Philippa Bosanquet, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bosanquet, of 38, Kensington Park Rd., and Dingestow Court, Mon., were married at the Temple Church

Lindsay — Morley

William Lindsay married Diana Morley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morley, of Oakwood Mansions, Kensington, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, of Tower of Lethendy, Meikleour, Perthshire

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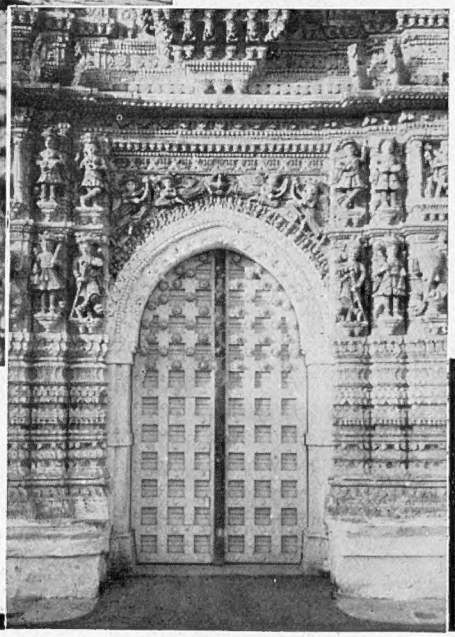
● *A colourful—and typical scene on an inland canal, Cochin*



● *Entrance door to the Durbar Ghar Jamnagar, showing the exquisite carvings in stone*

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The "Bystander" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (18th Year)

HOLDER: MISS PEGGY FALKNER

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

September 7th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 8th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1936.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 21st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1936, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:
STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.
FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.
"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.
Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
18th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1936

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 21st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any)* .....

Handicap (if any) .....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England,

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

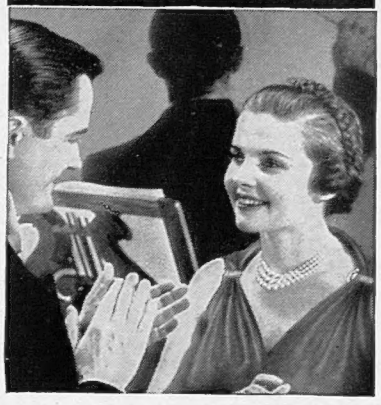
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

"NATURAL LIPS ARE THIS YEAR'S FAVOURITE!"



The new styles call for naturalness..TANGEE is the smartest make-up today!

Painted lips are as out of date as last year's gowns. Smart women everywhere are realising that lips should be natural this season. That's why Tangee Lipstick is more popular than ever.

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* Instead, by accentuating your own natural colour, it makes your lips lovelier . . . you more appealing.

It stays on for hours, and its special cream base always keeps your lips soft and smooth.

Try Tangee . . . Lipstick, Powder, and Rouge . . . and "make-up" for natural loveliness.

LIPSTICK

Tangee lipstick cannot give your lips that painted look—Tangee isn't *paint! In two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6. If you prefer a more vivid colouring, there is Tangee Theatrical—specially suitable for evening use.*

POWDER

The new Tangee face powder, containing the magic Tangee colour principle, makes your skin look younger, fresher and more natural. Supplied in Sun Tan, Ochre, Rachel, Light Rachel, Peach and Naturelle. Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

ROUGE

Tangee rouge, also, possesses the same colour magic as the lipstick. As its colour is natural in any light, it is the ideal rouge for both day-time and night-time use. Packed in smart gunmetal box with mirror and puff. Natural or Theatrical 3/6.

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LUFT-TANGEE LTD., 88 Regent Street, W.1
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

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TANGEE
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